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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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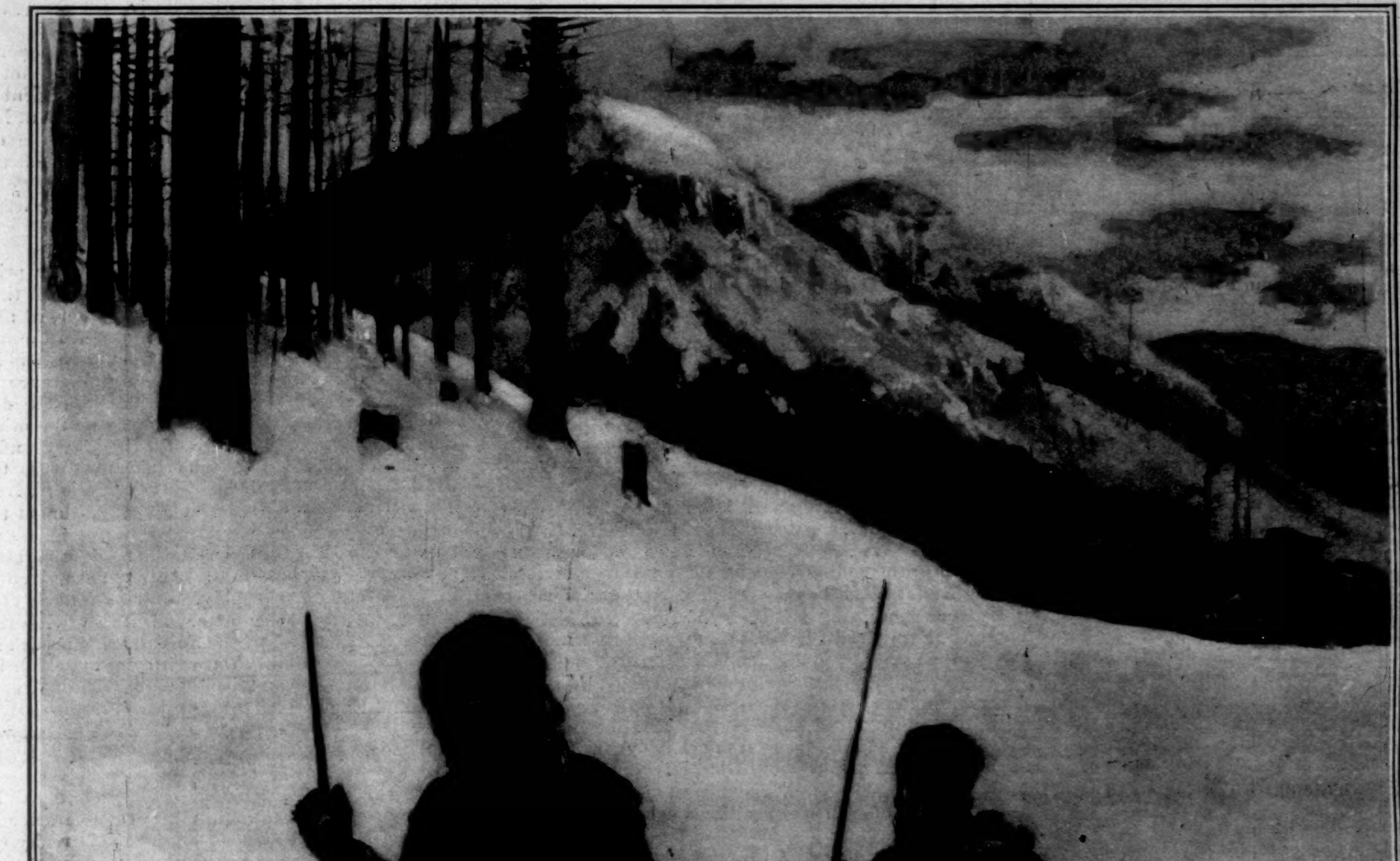

SKEE-RUNNING ON THE SNOW-COVERED HILLS OF OREGON.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 225.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 4, 1899

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The Power of Commerce

WHAT rank is this country to take as a commercial power? This will be the most important question confronting us after the colonial question shall have been settled, and when we shall have learned for ourselves, what England, Italy, and Spain have already learned, and what France and Germany are learning, that the seventeenth-century colonial policy is a failure. That our experience may bring to us the wisdom which the American Revolution brought to England is to be expected of a people who differ, as we do, from the Spaniards. A frenzy has seized upon many of our politicians for the moment, that is surely to be succeeded among the people by the sanity which marked the foundation of the republic, which sent this country forward upon its peaceful and ennobling mission, and which is to remain the essential condition of the future political progress of the world. In the mean time our appearance as a war power in distant waters and as a governor over strange lands has brought our commercial isolation into bold relief. While we have been holding hostile communication with the Old World, and have been hailed as a new world power, by England with hospitable delight, and by the rest of Europe with churlish jealousy, we are still insisting upon maintaining our barriers against commerce—the great promoter of peace and the great agency for the spread of the ameliorating arts.

It is better for a nation to be a great commercial power than a great war power or a great colonial power. To possess such a power is much the finest ambition which this young republic can entertain, for one of the chief advantages of our democracy thus far has been the expansion of democratic institutions and principles among other countries of the world, and the promotion of international arbitration, through our example and influence. When we shall have abandoned the war-cry and given over to more appropriate hands the effort to subdue unwilling peoples with the sword, and when we shall have resumed our march, hitherto so healthful and hopeful, in the ways of peace, we shall find that our proper work among the nations, the natural work of men who have made good the principle that government is for the governed and ought to be by the governed, the work of awakening the manhood of men, of teaching them the glorious attributes and the elevating power of civil liberty, can best be carried on through the channels of a commerce whose ports of exchange lie in every quarter of the globe.

Have we no message of peace for the world? Undoubtedly we have. The nation that has done most for peace and humanity has not changed its character. The people, deceived by craft, cupidity, and mendacity, rushed into war, partly because their wrath was aroused by what they regarded as the murder of the sailors of the *Maine*, and partly because their humane susceptibilities were appealed to by the tales which came to them of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards upon the peaceful inhabitants of Cuba. The nature of the American people has not changed, and the time is coming when the wretched policy of greed will be revealed to them in all its hideousness, and then there may be an uprising which will be greatly regretted by those who have invited it. Their very attitude in the war, the motives that are now swaying the minds of many who want to keep the Philippines, will some day lead them to overthrow the system which has succeeded in turning the great powers of the government to the task of promoting private interests and adding to personal gain.

The truth about protection is coming out. For years the protected interests have fed upon the bounty which the government has extorted from the consumers. And now we are urged even by Mr. McKINLEY to promote commerce by extending our political jurisdiction over distant lands. In other words, the home market has failed. But the extension of commerce is incompatible with protection. We cannot have the "open door" in the East so long as we shut the door at the entrance to our own land. The "open door" means free trade. The healthful expansion of commerce also means free trade. We cannot have commerce without return cargoes, and if we tax return cargoes to keep them out we to that extent discourage commerce. We trade with China, for example, and England is anxious that we should enter into an alliance with her in order that commerce with China shall be free to all the world. But we cannot prudently enter into any alliance for keeping open the door of China which will tax our resources by compelling us to maintain a force for the defence of trade in Asia, because under our policy of protection we should thereby be put to expense for nothing. England's commerce would reap the advantage of such an alliance as Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has suggested, and our part in the contract would be to supply means for the maintenance of what our customs laws seek to prohibit. The logic of this situation is not to be escaped, and the longer the situation continues, the more surely must it be borne into the minds of men. Moreover, just at this moment, as if visited by the gods, the advocates of protection are doing their best to make their system odious by subjecting returning travellers to torment and small purchasers to delay in order to benefit the pockets of a few dealers and manufacturers. The greed underlying protection is becoming clearer and clearer. The DINGLEY law itself is a frank admission that customs taxes are not for the benefit of the country, but for the profit of individuals. And it is the inevitable inference that the effort to bring outlying islands within the jurisdiction of our tariff and navigation laws must also be for the gratification of individual greed and the increase of the gains of favored individuals. Did not an American syndicate make an early appearance in Cuba? Was not the question as to who should "get" the railway franchises of Havana preferred to the work of making the city clean enough and healthy enough to be the abode of American citizens whose public duties required their presence there? Was not almost the first official act of the President with respect to Puerto Rico the extension of our mediæval navigation laws over the island, to the great detriment of its business, but for the great gain of our coasting trade? Is not foreign shipping to be warned away from Hawaii also, and are not freight charges to be kept up there too for the benefit of this same coasting trade?

The leaders of the protection party are for the extension of commerce through further taxation of the people. They seek to extend the policy which has made the taxing power of the national government the chief instrument for personal gain. Our commerce is to be enlarged by taxing the country for a large army and for the government of distant possessions, some of which have little commerce, and, in the very nature of things, can grow to little more. But the Philippines are to be kept, and we believe that their retention is an important feature of the President's new policy, in order that this country may seize its share of China when the partition comes. Senator HANNA, the President's nearest friend, believes in enlarging our merchant marine by taxing the people for the benefit of ship-owners. It has not occurred to these statesmen of protection that the way to increase commerce is to strike off its shackles; that the way to share in the trade of China is to help preserve the peace of that country, to keep its doors open by discouraging Russia's advance; that the way to build up a merchant marine is to take off the taxes on return cargoes, and to lighten the burdens now resting on the builders and purchasers of ships. There is no sign of the growth of wisdom or of the lessening of greed among the leaders and the beneficiaries of protection; but the greater their excesses, the sooner will the people grasp the truth of the situation. It will be only when this truth is fully realized, and when trade is freed from its unjust and hampering burdens, that the country can become a great commercial power, and to that end the efforts of all men who are proud of their democracy, and who have confidence in the republic, as imperialists have not, should be directed. It is only by being first in commerce that the United States can attain the ranking place among the nations, but to that end not a single conscious step has yet been taken or suggested by the administration or by Congress.

THERE seems to be no reason why the sudden death of President FAURE and the election of M. LOUBET to be his successor should precipitate the revolution which has long seemed to be hanging over France. Such a revolution is evidently expected by the Duc d'Orléans and by the Bonapartists. The Duke sought to hasten it, on hearing the news of M. FAURE'S death, in characteristic fashion, by preparing to flood Paris with his photographs; while Prince VICTOR, at Brussels, was sending telegrams to all points of Europe. But photographs and telegrams do not make a revolution. The peace of France and the continuance of the republic still rest with the army, the chiefs of which are more powerful under this curious republic than they would be under an emperor or a king; and the army may be counted on not to rise so long as the civil power is so subservient to the military as the present DUPUY government has shown itself to be in voting a law for the occasion which may prevent the revision of the DREYFUS case. At the same time no change in the form of government would make France less a true republic than she is to-day.

THE outbreak in Samoa, some of whose principal events were illustrated for the first time in this country—or, for that matter, in any other country, so far as we are aware—in the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, was inevitable, and its like is to be expected whenever any difference of opinion occurs between the Germans on the one side and the English and Americans on the other side. It is the natural result of the treaty under which the three powers undertake to govern the islands jointly through the agency of the natives. The Germans have from the first sought to get the better of the other two powers by intrigue and bluster. The bargain has never been of the slightest advantage to us, but, on the contrary, has given us infinite trouble. Probably, so far as trade is concerned, we would be better off if we withdrew entirely from the hopeless effort to bring peace and order to a community through a treaty which invites to intrigue and bad feeling. Both Americans and Englishmen are too good for the kind of work which the Germans seem to have been doing in Samoa.

THE Court of Inquiry which was ordered by the President to inquire into the character of the beef furnished to the army is really expected to discover if a court martial may not properly be ordered to try the Major-General commanding the army. General MILES has not been circumspect or regardful of military tradition, or even of discipline. Notwithstanding his denials of some interviews, he has had his word in the newspapers in criticism of his superior officers, and for that he is blameworthy. Nevertheless, the gravity of his offence, such as it is, must be measured by the conditions in which he found himself. And first among these untoward conditions is the military system which prevails in this country, and which, so long as it lasts, will always prevent it not only from becoming a first-rate military power, which it does not seek to become, but which will inevitably weaken or destroy the efficiency of any force that it may maintain. The army is commanded by civilians—first, by Congress, which is always ignorant and usually indifferent; and second, by the Secretary of War, who is generally ignorant and nearly always active and energetic. Under these circumstances, an energetic and able soldier who is in command of the army at an emergency like that of last summer will almost always find himself in conflict with the incompetent civilian commanders of the army, and will inevitably be hampered by politics. Among other difficulties which he will have to encounter will be the dread that his civilian superiors are always likely to manifest of the possible popularity of a victorious soldier. If any one supposes that this jealousy must disappear before patriotic considerations, a contemplation of ALGER, HANNA, and other leaders of partisan schemes in Washington will correct that opinion. Without intending to make any suggestions whatever as to the subject-matter of the inquiry before the Court of Inquiry on the beef scandals, we deem it proper to say that such outbursts as General MILES is charged with may be expected so long as the army is at the mercy of the politicians, and some day it may be necessary to the preservation of the country that the soldier at the head of the army shall speak his mind—and that through the newspapers—of the civilian whom fate or intrigue has put above him for the moment.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

By E. S. Martin

DR. RAINSFORD of St. George's is almost as apt as Bishop Potter to afford the newspapers and their readers subjects for comment and, usually, for criticism. The difference is that Bishop Potter is usually criticised for something he didn't say, or didn't mean in the sense that some folks understood it, whereas Dr. Rainsford is less apt to be misunderstood.

The journals of the town have lately been after Dr. Rainsford because he has been quoted as declaring in a sermon that "there is not one single paper in this city with any considerable circulation that cares a fig for any mortal thing but making money." That seems to be much too sweeping a statement. The desire to make money is generally no stronger in a newspaper than the instinct of self-preservation is in a man. Men often act contrary to that instinct; newspapers—even New York newspapers—often act in conflict with that desire. The average newspaper cares a heap for many other things besides money. It loves approbation, for one thing, so much that it will often bid very high for it. Among other motives besides greed and the love of approbation that actuate newspapers are revenge, the love of sport, the desire to raise hob, professional emulation, malice, envy, hatred, the love of truth, the love of lies, partisanship, political convictions of all sorts, the lust for reform, devotion to human rights, and righteous indignation. If any newspaper is going to keep alive, one influential branch of its management must devote itself to money-making, but the motives that shape the policy of the average journal are at least as complex as those that govern the actions of the average man. Indeed, they are more so, for the man is but one man, while the newspaper is hundreds of men, whose personalities, though shaped and directed by a ruling mind, are still not wholly obliterated, but all make their mark more or less distinctly on the paper. The New York paper which to close observers seems most strictly and exclusively devoted to money-getting is by no means the worst paper in town, but ranks fairly well among its fellows, whereas the journal which has the leading reputation for perversity is the one of all the lot which at its worst has seemed most regardless whether it made money or lost it.

BROWN UNIVERSITY has called unto itself the President of Vassar College; but Vassar, being very well satisfied with Dr. Taylor, has no mind to yield him without a struggle to the dictates of any Providence that is limited to the State of Rhode Island. At this writing Dr. Taylor has not as yet accepted Brown's invitation, and the Vassar dames are doing what they can to induce him to abide with them. It appears that, in Dr. Taylor's opinion, Vassar needs many things—an infirmary, a better gymnasium, a new laboratory, and divers else. She pays low salaries, too, and it has been estimated that to put her in a position to do her full duty by the contemporary world would cost something like two million dollars. It is thought that if this money could be raised, President Taylor would stay where he is, so the Vassar alumnæ are conspiring together to raise it. It is a great deal of money to collect, but they say: "Look at Barnard! Barnard has raised two millions in two years. If Barnard, a new college, could do that, can't Vassar do as well?" So the Vassar Alumnæ Association has divided itself up into committees and subcommittees, which are going up and down in the land searching hearts and pockets.

BARNARD meanwhile has interests of her own. The newspapers have announced that the Dean of Barnard is about to be married. It is an unusual thing for a dean to encumber herself with a husband, but there is no ruling precedent against it, and in this case a mitigating circumstance appears in that the man is also notably concerned in the spread of knowledge, being a publisher by occupation and a public-spirited citizen by habit. He is Mr. George Haven Putnam, and he excuses his presumption in aspiring to marry a dean by disclaiming any intention of separating his dean from her Barnard. So Barnard tries to bear it, and insists that the dean shall still be her dean, anyhow.

Our neighbor, the New York *Herald*, which likes to print portraits of persons who intend matrimony, has done Dean Smith an injustice by printing, on February 20, as her portrait and with her name beneath it, the likeness of a severe woman with banged hair, who is not Miss Smith at all, and is not so fortunate as to resemble her in any particular. The adaptation of stock pictures to the demands of an emergency may possibly be excused in a daily newspaper, but the public has a right to expect a fair degree of discrimination in the selection of the picture to be used.

A BIG fire in Chicago, on February 13, burned up the establishment of A. C. McClurg & Co., the publishers, and with it their great book-store, with two million books in stock, including a good many that were rare and valuable. Some of the neighboring hydrants were frozen up and there was a lack of water at the start, seeing which, the fire made such an energetic use of its opportunity as is characteristic of Chicago conflagrations. The loss in mere money exceeded half a million dollars, but the sentimental loss is great too; for in the book-store was the Saints' and Sinners' Corner, which was more or less sacred to the memory of Eugene Field, who used often to write about it in his column of "Sharps and Flats." McClurg's is the great literary centre of the West, or was while Chicago was still a Western city. The house is one of the greatest book-distributing centres in the world, and does a huge business between the Alleghanies and the Pacific.

THE dinner of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade in New York on February 22 seems to have been chiefly notable for the number of invited speakers who discreetly staid away. It is this organization, as will be remembered, that invented the present Personal Baggage law, and secured its enforcement by methods which have lately caused so much complaint. The only speech made at the board's dinner which the newspapers report was that in which Mr. Shayne, the president, declared that one citizen ought not to try to injure another citizen's business because he differs from him on a question of policy. This being interpreted means that the mere fact that Mr. Shayne has got up a law which provides that Mr. Godkin shall be sworn, searched, mulcted, delayed, and miscellaneously annoyed every time he comes back from Europe does not warrant Mr. Godkin in representing Mr. Shayne to be a greedy merchant who wants to bully folks into trading with him. It is hard to see why Mr. Godkin's policy of skinning Mr. Shayne in his own skin-store on Forty-second Street is not quite as justifiable as Mr. Shayne's policy of skinning Mr. Godkin on the cold, damp, cheerless, public wharf.

The fight against the Travellers' Baggage nuisance, which the *Evening Post* has led, has brought out many interesting letters which have helped to disclose the horrors and absurdities of the present system. It has been made clear that the present obnoxious device, by which a traveller is compelled to swear to his belongings in detail, and then has his baggage searched to see if he has committed perjury, is a system that was not devised for the collection of revenue, but for the punishment and persecution of travellers who have presumed to buy things in Europe. The impudence of the whole procedure; the audacity of Shayne and his pals who are at the bottom of the newest, meanest, and most vexatious features of it; and the absurd disproportion between the amount of annoyance caused and the amount of duties collected—all have been clearly and forcibly brought out, and have made reading that ought to produce results.

That persons who want to smuggle should be hindered is right, whether it annoys them or not, but that persons who are presumably honest should be treated like suspects awaiting indictment is neither reasonable nor necessary. That a lot of tradesmen without official responsibility should dictate regulations to the Treasury, and then be suffered to send their agents to the docks to see that folks who have not chosen to deal with them are made to suffer for that omission, is insufferable. The whole matter of collecting duties from travellers has been muddled, and the system ought to be revised and made to conform with the customs of contemporary civilization.

IN the March number of Cassell's *Magazine of Art* appears the first part of a critical and biographical discourse about Edwin A. Abbey, wherein Mr. M. H. Spielman follows him "from the stool in the draughtsman's room of Harper's New York office to Fairford Hall in Gloucestershire and the Royal Academy in London." The article, which deals in detail with Mr. Abbey's methods, has half a dozen illustrations (one of them colored), and brings its subject down to the exhibition, at the Royal Academy in 1896, of Mr. Abbey's picture of Richard of Gloucester accompanying the widow Anne to her lord's funeral

MISS LILLIAN BELL, who is described as the author of two works of humorous fiction and a constant correspondent of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has been telling the Baptist Social Union of Chicago that art has no prospects in Chicago, or anywhere in this country, because it has not freedom. She declares that the Puritan element in America to-day is crippling art. She takes gloomy views of the artistic future of a country "which makes Anthony Comstock and the American girl the standard of taste; in which Boston rejects a masterpiece of genius because it is nude; in which a magazine which never permits an artist to picture in its pages a woman in a décolleté gown circulates 750,000 a month." She thinks writers are as badly off here as painters, and finds that American novels "are too expunged to be true to life." She believes that we can well afford to let ourselves out a bit, for she is confident that, whatever freedom we achieve, our strong Puritan element will always keep us within bounds.

Perhaps the Baptist Social Union in Chicago requires the sort of drubbing Miss Bell has given it. If her assertions are justified, she deserves credit for imparting them in a company which would seem to be particularly likely to profit by them. If she gets a chance to administer her lecture to some of the Women's Christian Temperance Union societies she should not neglect it, for some of the members of that organization are over-straitly laced, and often need a judicious scolding. What she says about books has as much application to one part of the country as another, for books go everywhere. Is it true? Every reader and every writer must judge for himself. The present reader does not find American stories "too expunged" to suit him, if they are good in other respects. The present writer rarely finds himself constrained, out of regard for Comstock or the American girl, to suppress the disclosure of any fact or sentiment which seems to demand to be communicated. The dictionary is full of words, and it is a mighty bad state of affairs that cannot be indicated without offence to the public taste, if one has fair discernment about sorting out his language and stringing it together.

As for pictures and statues, perhaps conditions are freer in New York than in Chicago. The Bacchante which was rejected by the Boston Library (though the Boston Art Museum would probably have jumped at it) has an honored and conspicuous place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. No statue or picture would fail to be appreciated nowadays in New York because it was insufficiently draped. As for the drama, the filthy frankness of many of the plays in the best New York theatres last season surely merits some recognition from Miss Bell.

It is a big country and a new one. There are seventy millions of people in it, and if a considerable portion of them were not still imperfectly enlightened, it would be a much greater wonder than any of the conditions that excite Miss Bell to protest. Let her take heart and have better hopes about us, and if there is any view of life which she feels a strong impulse to delineate, but hesitates for fear of Comstock and the American girl, let her blurt it out as wisely as she may, make a book of it, and try it on us. An honest story that is worth attention will get it, albeit it may not be adapted to run as a serial in a magazine that is guaranteed to be fit for general family use.

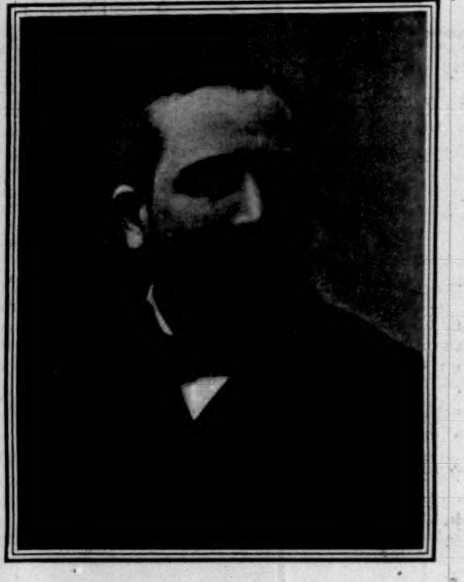
THERE was something like general consternation at the news of Mr. Kipling's illness. It had been confidentially rumored that when he came this last time to America he came full of good resolutions to see every one, to be a nice lion and roar sweetly, to hurt no one's feelings, to do everything in reason that it was desired that he should do, whether it suited his humor or not. Maybe these really were his intentions; maybe not. At any rate, he seems to have lived pretty well up to them, for one hears of a great multitude of persons whom he has talked with or dined with or otherwise edified, and of no one whom he has displeased. Even the reporters whom he wouldn't interview have not reviled him.

The English reading world sets more store just now by this imperialistic British gentleman than by any other single writer going. It is more dependent on him for current entertainment than on any other one person, and it is very appreciative of what he does for it. It is mortifying to New-Yorkers that New York's meteorological flip-flaps should have made him ill. At this writing he is sick enough to cause anxiety; but then pneumonia always causes anxiety while it lasts. Get well quickly, Mr. Kipling! It worries us to have you ill. There is none of all the sentiments we have towards you that finds expression in lung-fever. That is something we would far rather have kept to ourselves than imparted to you.

THERE seems to be no camel too big, no gnat too small, for a Tammany administration to swallow. Every one has read of the raid on the Elevated Railroad, and most readers have smiled as they read and commented to themselves that in an open-air fight between Tammany and the Elevated, Mr. Gould and Mr. Sage were probably able to take care of themselves. But in the New York papers of February 22 there was a story at which no reader could have smiled indifference. It told of the swindling of a little army of snow-shovellers through a combination of rascality and inefficiency in city officials. After the great storm thousands of snow-shovellers were hired to help clear the streets, and were paid in tickets to be cashed by a paymaster of the Street-Cleaning Department. The department has three pay-days a week. One of them fell on Tuesday, February 21. The New York *Herald* reports that early on the morning of that day the shovellers gathered in Yard 3 of the department, in Eighteenth Street near Avenue C, to get their money. Many of them waited there in line ten hours, in slush and snow, the *Herald* says, before the paymaster opened his window. When he did come he paid out money so slowly that the shovellers gave up in despair, and sold their tickets at a large discount to sundry harpy speculators who swarmed around them. There were no Goulds or Sages among these shovellers. They were destitute men for the most part, who were out of employment when the snow came, and who needed their wages to buy food.

THE Sargent portrait show, which was opened in Copley Hall in Boston on February 20, will last until March 13. It is by far the most interesting American picture show of the year, and includes 150 of Sargent's works, of which about one-third are portraits. The rest are studies, sketches, and drawings.

THERE has been a dog show in New York. It was held last week in the Madison Square Garden, and lasted most of the week. There were dogs crated and loose, in packs, couples, families, and singly; large dogs and small; mastiffs, poodles, terriers, hounds, spaniels, bull-dogs—every sort of dog except the one species that the folks who walk the streets of New York and every other city especially long for and yearn to see. There were no dogless dogs at the show. Not one! Visitors who inquired for them were disappointed. Folks who went to the show with baskets which they hoped to fill with dogless puppies for distribution among their dog-harboring neighbors brought their baskets home empty or threw them away. There was much disappointment, and more than one visitor declared that a dog show without a single dogless dog in it was a mighty incomplete affair. But there are bicycle shows and horseless-wagon shows still to come, and perhaps the dogless dog (*vide* HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 2199, p. 135) will be entered in one of these.



ÉMILE LOUBET,

Elected President of France, February 18, 1899.

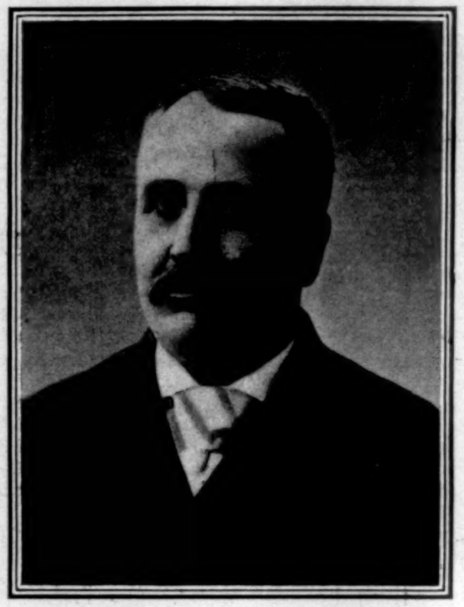
President of France

THE 483 Republican Deputies and Senators who, at the sitting of the National Assembly in the Versailles Palace on the 18th of February, elected M. Émile Loubet President, chose him as being *par excellence* the personification of the determination of the people to maintain the republic. He was never, and he is not now, a Centrist or a Leftist, a Socialist or a Progressist, a Dreyfusist or an anti-Dreyfusist; he is a Republican, without special qualification, *sans épithète*, as they say in French. He is neither an exceptionally brilliant orator, statesman, nor legislator, though he distinguished himself in all the positions he occupied at the bar, in the Chamber, in the Senate, and at the head of different ministries. But he is a Republican; that was sufficient to the members of the National Assembly who have placed him in the supreme power, well knowing that he would calmly and simply do all his duty to defend the republic. They had confidence in him for the strict enforcement of the Constitution and the laws, that enforcement being sufficient to insure liberty and justice to all citizens, and to resist the attacks of the monarchical parties; for "heroical times are past," as said Gambetta, by which he meant that the French Republic was so securely installed that it did not need to be defended with fire and sword against its internal or external enemies. M. Loubet has proved that he was especially fit for that kind of pacific but stern employ of constitutional weapons during the several years he has been President of the Senate, where he has not allowed the discussions of the Dreyfus affair to degenerate, as they did in the Chamber, into shameful and violent wrangles, by which the good name of France has been reviled and lowered in the estimation of the whole world. He is a true representative of those middle classes of intellectual France to which he belongs, and which have been reputed for their liberal sentiments and their obstinate and quiet energy in securing finally the ends of justice and liberty.

The new French President, M. Émile Loubet, comes from an old family of "bourgeois" farmers well known in the Department of La Drôme, south of Lyons, in the eastern part of France. He was born at Marsanne, December 31, 1838, and is therefore a man with yet all the vigor of his sixty-one years. After brilliant studies in the college of his department, he passed his examination in the law-school, and established himself as a lawyer at Montelimar, a larger town than his native place, though in the same region, where the family name he bore could be very useful for the progress of his future career.

His own talents and the scrupulous honesty as well as the ability he brought to the conduct of his lawyer's office induced his fellow-citizens of Montelimar to elect him Mayor in 1874, and also their representative at the Council-General of the department, which is something like the Assembly in the States of the American Union. In February, 1876, he was elected Deputy to the Chamber by the voters of the Montelimar electoral circonscription or district, and not by those of Valence, as stated erroneously in some papers. M. Loubet had published, as usual in France, his "profession de foi." He expressed in it his strong republican sentiments, but he declared boldly that he was opposed to the full amnesty which was at that time claimed in favor of all the men in prison or in exile who had taken a prominent part in the Commune insurrection in 1871. He thus already indicated, on his entrance into parliamentary life, that he was no extremist, but that he thought only of the welfare of the republic which would have been endangered, since public opinion was not yet ready to forget the Commune. When the Chamber was dissolved in May, 1877, M. Loubet was one of the 363 Deputies who brought on that dissolution by their vote against the monarchical ministry of President MacMahon. He was also, like all of his comrades in this vote, re-elected by his countrymen of Montelimar on the 17th of October of the same year. In 1881 he was sent again to the Chamber, and four years later he was chosen as one of the Senators for the Department of La Drôme. Since that time M. Loubet, until his election to the national Presidency, has been not only a member of the Senate, but he was twice elected its President, the office he was occupying when the vote of the National Assembly called him to a still higher one. While a Senator he was made several times a minister—for instance, of the Public Works in the Tirard cabinet, 1887–8—and even President of the Council of Ministers—that is, Premier—in 1892. The best evidence that in all these situations and offices M. Émile Loubet has fulfilled his entire duty as a republican, having in view the interests of the republic itself, and not those of the several parties which divided it, is that they have united to elect him President.

FÉLIX AUCAIGNE.



ADDISON G. FOSTER,

Senator-elect from Washington.

Senator A. G. Foster

THE Legislature of Washington, at the session held on February 2, elected Addison G. Foster, of Tacoma, to succeed John L. Wilson in the Upper House of Congress.

Mr. Foster is a native of Massachusetts, having been born at Belchertown in that State in 1837. His parents removed to Oswego, Illinois, when he was a boy, and later in the Middle Northwest father and son cleared a farm in the forest. He earned a little money by teaching school in Missouri, and from 1859 to 1875 conducted a grain and real-estate business, and filled the offices of County Auditor and Surveyor at Wabasha, Minnesota. In 1875 investments in timber led him to choose St. Paul as a place of residence; about twelve years later the extension of his interests in the same business drew him to Tacoma. He is vice-president of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company, and has been active in connection with the development of coal-mines and building of railways.

New Orleans Carnival

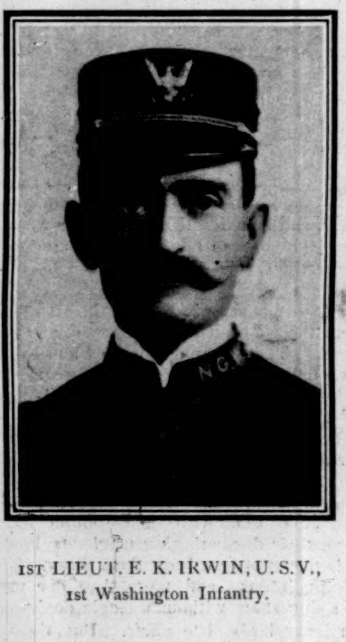
FOR the first time in its two centuries of existence, New Orleans celebrated this year a snow carnival. The carnival, coming as it does during February or March, arrives about the beginning of spring in the semi-tropics, and the warm weather adds materially to the success of the carnival, the chief holiday in that city, for it finds the town filled with visitors, who have come South as much to escape the rigors of the winter at home as to enjoy the gay season. But this year the carnival came "amid snow and ice." A blizzard struck New Orleans on Sunday, February 12, just two days before Mardi-gras (Shrove-Tuesday). Snow fell to the unprecedented depth of nearly three inches, and the thermometer got down as low as 7° —a temperature more than ten degrees below the lowest recorded in historical times or handed down by Indian tradition.

The out-door parades, where the maskers appear in the lightest of costumes, call for a warm and balmy day, and fairies in gauze seemed singularly out of place in a temperature only a little above zero. It was as bad as a picnic in midwinter.

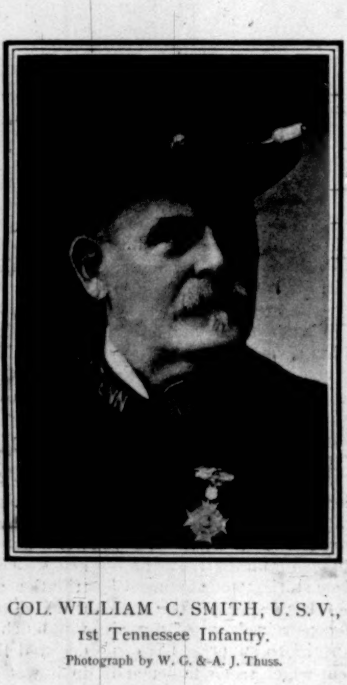
On Mardi-gras, February 14, New Orleans was as gay as ever, in spite of a considerable amount of snow on the streets. Rex, the King of the Carnival, had arrived the previous day by the Mississippi River, accompanied by a fleet of gayly decorated vessels and various companies of guards, and had been officially received by the Mayor, and the keys of the city turned over to him. On Mardi-gras morning the carnival procession paraded the principal streets both morning and night, Rex by day and the "Mystick Krewe" of Comus by night, the one representing various fancy scenes, bright in a thousand colors; the other, scenes from Josephus, giving striking pictures from the history of the Jews. The number of visitors equalled any previous year.

On Friday the delayed parade of Proteus made its appearance, and hit the popular fancy, for each float contained a tableau representing the coat of arms of a State or Territory, and striking pictures of the principal industries and products of the State thus represented. The parade was distinctly national. The horses drawing the floats, and the torch and flambeau bearers, were all clad in American flags, and the music furnished by the numerous bands was all national airs.

There were also during the carnival season, just preceding Mardi-gras, the usual number of balls, tableaux, and masquerades by the several mystic and carnival societies of New Orleans, beginning on January 30 with the ball of Nereus, representing a visit to the north pole. The French Opera House, where this and all the other balls were given, was decorated to represent a region of eternal ice; the maskers being dressed like Esquimaux, polar bears, and other inhabitants of the arctic zone.

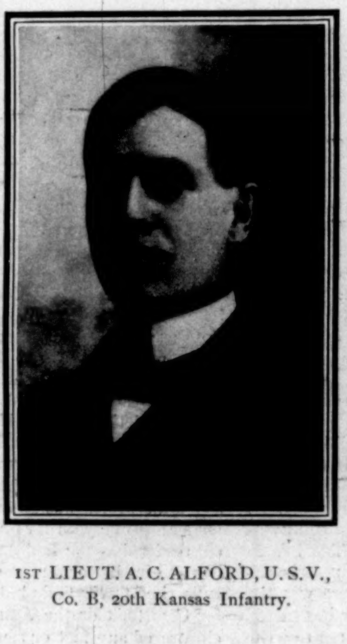


1st LIEUT. E. K. IRWIN, U. S. V.,
1st Washington Infantry.

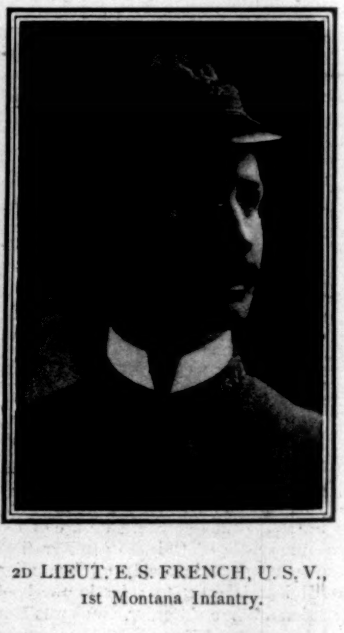


COL. WILLIAM C. SMITH, U. S. V.,
1st Tennessee Infantry.

Photograph by W. G. & A. J. Thuss.



1st LIEUT. A. C. ALFORD, U. S. V.,
Co. B, 20th Kansas Infantry.



2D LIEUT. E. S. FRENCH, U. S. V.,
1st Montana Infantry.

AMERICAN OFFICERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES FIGHTING THE FILIPINOS.

Maximo Gomez

REMEDIOS, *February 8.*

MAXIMO GOMEZ left here a little after 8 A.M. by special train, in a new car used for the first time, the locomotive neatly adorned with Cuban flags and escutcheon. A drizzling rain was falling, and the crowd at the station, composed mainly of the poorer and colored classes, was neither large nor enthusiastic. It included few representative men, and fewer or none of those who have shown marked sympathies with the United States. Gomez was escorted by a band of music playing the Cuban hymn, and made two short speeches, thanking Cubans and Spaniards for the warmth with which he had been treated, saying that he absented himself only because he hoped to do the country some good, and would soon return. He embraced several ladies who were affected to tears, while he with difficulty restrained his own.

Gomez's body-guard, or "escolta," was sent by the earlier regular train directly to Matanzas. He will breakfast and hold a reception at Camajuani, continuing on to Placetas, where he will dine, and pass the night. Starting the next morning for Sagua, he will remain there a day perhaps, going next to Santa Clara, where he will spend two days. From there he will go direct to Matanzas, delaying a short time at Colon and Jovellanos, the only towns of any importance on the direct route, leaving Cardenas unvisited, unless he be persuaded to change the programme.

The generalisimo's movements afterwards will, so says a partisan, depend upon the good behavior of President McKinley and Governor-General Brooke! If allowed to do as he wishes, he will send for his troops and enter the capital as a conqueror; if not, he will return, unless convinced by wiser men of his folly. In any case, he will perhaps hold out there for some new concession of which to make political capital against the United States.

Whether Gomez is leading or being led does not yet fully appear, but chance words dropped by his adherents, and the unwise articles of his military organ, *Las Villas*, show his hand very clearly. The plan is to get rid of the "tutelage" of the United States as soon as possible, make Gomez president of the Cuban republic, annex Santo Domingo, and afterwards use every means to emancipate Puerto Rico from the despotic sway of the Americans, and add it to the new West-Indian confederation. Whether the English, French, and Danish Antilles, with Haiti, are also to be absorbed is not yet known, but Gomez has undoubtedly become an out-and-out expansionist of the most roseate dye, and a probable imperialist in the near future.

GENERAL GOMEZ AS HE IS TO-DAY.

Judged by what has been shown here by partisans more zealous than wise, Gomez will always be secretly opposed to the United States, assuming a menacing or acquiescing attitude, as each in turn may best serve to reach his principal aim — that of ridding himself of an inconvenient intervention as soon as possible. While every care should undoubtedly be taken to avoid wounding unnecessarily Cuban public sentiment, the fact that no concession made to Gomez is likely to gain his sympathy or change his purpose, but will only be used as political capital to prove to the more ignorant classes that he is their only defender against foreign aggression, should always be borne in mind. The telegrams from Havana published by his local organ prove this. First, the false report that Mr. McKinley was dangerously ill, followed by the assertion that Mr. Porter was striving for a *reconciliation* between the President and Gomez, that General Brooke was ordered to receive Gomez's advice upon everything relating to Cuban government, and that great hopes were entertained at Washington of the result of Mr. Porter's action. Furthermore, that the Governor-General was ordered, from Washington, to invite Gomez to Havana, receiving him, if he accepted, with the great honors due him. All this requires no comment. One of the generalisimo's most prominent and active supporters here, while he frankly admits that Cuba is not yet fit to govern herself, says plainly that the best remedy is not American guardianship, but a military dictatorship during her term of probation. This conclusion is so natural to one born and bred in the political atmosphere of Santo Domingo that there is little room to doubt whence it is derived.

The tendencies of Gomez seem to have been so clearly revealed here, to those who have means of learning the truth, that the main question now is—how much harm may he do as an obstructionist to the plans of the United States, unless, after being removed from the circle of fulsome adulation which enveloped him in this town, he is gradually converted to sounder aspirations as he approaches Cuba's intellectual centre? This will depend upon the tact and caution exercised by our government and the general good sense of the Cuban people.

Judging by what has passed in this out-of-the-way retrograde city, as Gomez becomes more intimately known the better people of all classes will lose respect for and drop away from him, leaving him surrounded principally by intriguing, obtrusive place-hunters, who will for a time keep those who sympathize with American aims in the background, while appearing to represent true public opinion.

A residence of four years, including the Cuban war and the blockade, has given good opportunities for ascertaining the opinions of all classes in this locality, but I have not found one of the better type of Cubans who supports Gomez. There is a large portion, perhaps a majority, of his own officers and soldiers who are opposed to him. One colonel upon his own staff has publicly, in two speeches, had independence enough in his presence to combat "militarism" without reserve.

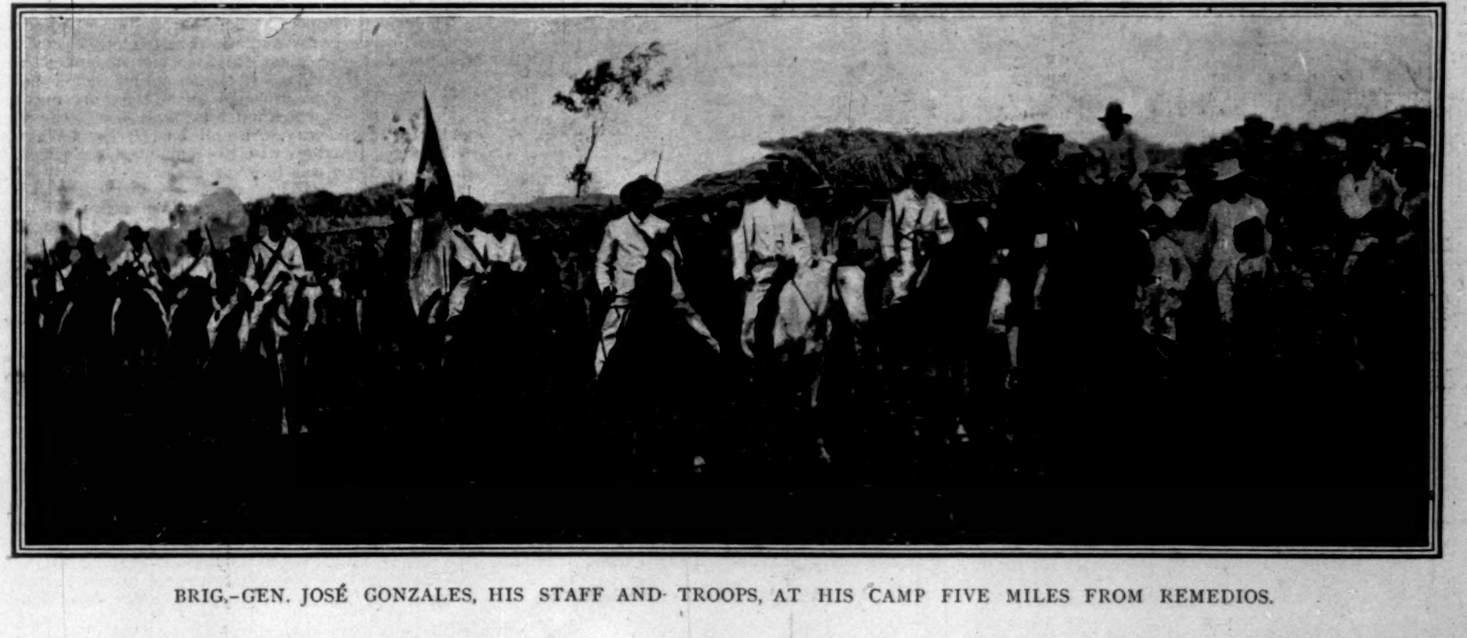
Gomez seems to have comprehended this much of the situation—turning his attention to gaining popularity with women by flattering attentions to them and their children. Hence a long series of balls and festivities, for which a heavy claim has been made upon this impoverished municipality, while the sick in its hospital and the more destitute families are without food, and the school-teachers nearly two years without pay. Gomez is also strenuously endeavoring to make himself the idol of the colored people and the more ignorant whites. Success in this quarter is perhaps all that could keep him long before the public in a position of great influence.

If the feeling toward him of the rank and file of his own army (who in this section are apparently four-fifths of African blood) is common to the rest of the island, their accounts of ill treatment in the "woods" may checkmate him in this direction. Many of his officers are loud in their complaints of his partiality and unjust favoritism, accusing him of carrying it so far as to promote over their heads, since the war ended, those who did not join him until peace was made.

The visit here of Mr. Porter and Señor Quezada was apparently a wise and politic measure. The public speech of the latter was received with enthusiasm, and convinced those who heard it that the United States were working in good faith. As Gomez had been posing as a defender of Cuban rights against American abuse and aggression, it took the wind out of his sails most completely. If, as may be supposed, in every place where Gomez remains long enough to make his real character known there will be a reaction against him after the first burst of enthusiasm has spent itself, inviting him to the capital will be another gain. Nevertheless this policy, if carried too far, and if the more advanced influences of the section to which he is going do not change his purposes, will only give a new opportunity for imposing upon the ignorant the belief that every step taken by the American authorities to benefit Cuba has been forced upon the President by the fear of Gomez, or due to his advice.

Those Cubans in this vicinity who are most firmly convinced of the unfitness of their countrymen for self-government are alarmed at the advances made to Gomez, and fear precipitancy in the cessation of intervention. The news of the withdrawal of the larger part of the American troops adds to their discouragement; but this latter is a wise measure, and attended with no risk if the Cuban rural police is organized and put under American officers. One favorable feature of the situation is the fact that precisely those elements that will soonest disturb the peace after they get free control of the island are those most interested in preserving order now, that intervention may end as soon as possible.

JAY H. DEE.



BRIG.-GEN. JOSÉ GONZALES, HIS STAFF AND TROOPS, AT HIS CAMP FIVE MILES FROM REMEDIOS.

MUSIC

RECENT CONCERTS

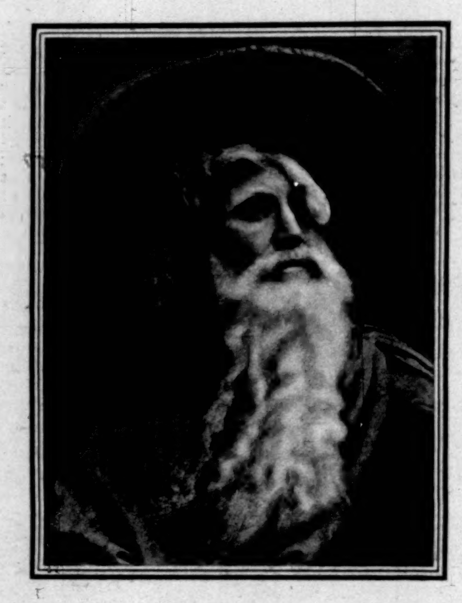
Women Violinists. Lady Halle (Madame Neruda).

AT no time are great women violinists plentiful. They are few in Europe, and we have only two in America—incidentally, two that quite deserve the adjective. And 1898–99 has not been a winter of violinists, male or female. That accent is rare in any of our seasons as a determining characteristic. Pianistic winters are another matter. Every winter is a winter of pianists. In the precarious condition of many concert interests in New York just now, when an operatic drain on the attention and the purses of music-hearers is seriously affecting every other article of musical purveyance, and plans and engagements alike have been disturbed even to their abandonment, it is the pleasing redemption of a welcome promise that brings to us one of the most distinguished violinists in the world. Lady Halle, even more affectionately honored as Madame Neruda, has taken an artist's time, indeed, to visit this country. She made her début in Vienna in 1846. She has been for twenty years the queen of violinism in London, after having achieved unsurpassed successes on the Continent. She has toured and retoured Europe's length and breadth with annual acclamations from Dantzig to Odessa. She has traversed Australia and the South-African states, bow in hand, to bewitch the black Kaffir and the brown Zulu. In the Tuileries, Napoleon III. and Eugénie were her admirers on famous musical evenings long agone. Princess Metternich was her hostess at the Austrian Legation in 1869. In professional relations with the composers for her elect instrument, and early ranked with its highest roll of artists, Wilma Neruda is a part of far more than British musical history. It has been rather a puzzle why she has been so coy toward our Western world, only a week distant from London. Her name long ago became here anything but an uncertain sound. But we may remember that Joachim (to whom Lady Halle is often compared) has not come to us, and never will come, and that Weniavski and Sarasate were satisfied each with short visits, far from early in their careers. In meeting any inquiries as to why she has delayed, the Boston Symphony Orchestra offers Lady Halle's present appearances as the best answer.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.

From copyrighted photograph by A. Dupont.

Concerts and the "appearances" of artists—like most musical episodes in a season—grow cold and stale matters before they are in print, compared with what analysis and characterization can do for other things in æsthetics. It will be sufficient to say that Lady Halle has been met by her American audiences, both of Boston and New York, with an immediate and intimate sense of her intrinsic merits, as well as merely of her distinctive position. To many it was a kind of familiar satisfaction to see her standing up in Carnegie Hall, so wonted were the eye and the ear to her dignified and quiet presence in London concerts. On this occasion a new and sad element, personal to her, entered into one's thought on meeting her again. Indeed, it was not without influence in her performance, if nicely followed. A deep and sudden affliction, with many of tragedy's rarer details, has come to the artist within a little time. The figure in unrelieved black on the stage the other afternoon and evening was that of a woman to whom art must be a sustaining service nowadays, if never before. The shocking death of Lady Halle's son in Switzerland last autumn was one of the typical tragedies in a season abundant in mountaineering casualties. That the player is not in her best estate of temperament, and perhaps of technical assurance, was noticeable—rather in the well-known Eighth Concerto by Spohr than in that by Bruch, equally well known and so opposite in emotional contents. The two works (one put into the afternoon concert, the other into the evening bill) were given with Lady Halle's mastery and elegance. But every now and then something lacked of her inward fire and sentiment and color and fervor, of her poetic and sensuous charm. It was as easy to account for the passing deficiency as it was instant in one's heart to excuse it. There must be just now small pleasure that the violinist can take in the glare of concert-halls and in the most thunderous applause. Neither our own music nor that by anybody else can yet bring surcease of sorrow.



ANTON VAN ROOY, AS *WOTAN*.

From copyrighted photograph by A. Dupont.

Lady Halle's Style.

Lady Halle's style as a violinist is that which, for want of a better term, we are wont to call classical, as opposed to the robustious modern executants and interpretants. It is restrained, solid, with a calm, perfectly proportioned technic. Her tone is small as compared with the sonorous sawings of many violin-players of vogue. But it never is weak. Its roundness, pureness, and limpid quality are ever in evidence. It easily swells to a vigor that is ample and masculine. The player is thoroughly musicianly, and many-sided in interpretation, as only are great artists and those to whom the violin is naturally the supreme exponent. But the rhapsodism of the most contemporary German violin-playing is not to be met in Lady Halle. You must go farther for that—and fare worse. She has a good deal of the Wilhelmj quality, and the goings-on of sundry notable stars of the day are not of her conviction, and never could be so. Largeness of manner, dignity, and deference to the musical consideration of the violin, are integral factors in Lady Halle's playing. Add to this an utter absence of personal ostentation—the performer who seeks to be forgotten in her performance—and one has an outline of her as she has been before the world many decades, and still is before it. Incidentally, she has been treated graciously by that Time who usually does not so spare the artist his reminders that he plays on the outward personality a fugue of his own. Her powers are to-day at their height. Doubtless no ebb of them will show as long as Lady Halle chooses to continue on that public stage which she so adorns. She will be heard on this visit in no very long group of appearances. But each one will be of mark. Her visit to us is a new detail of our English Alliance.

Vincent d'Indy's "Istar."

The orchestral novelty on this engagement of the Boston Orchestra was Vincent d'Indy's curious "Symphonic Variations: Istar." The composer, for many years rather a "marked man," has come into strong notability in France and Belgium by his opera "Fervaal," produced in Paris, and by his symphonic writings. D'Indy has been heard here occasionally in concerts, but we have not paid him over-cordial honor, as his elaborate scores seemed to be more ingenious than ingenuous—more instrumentation than music. "Istar" is programme music. It is supposed to describe the episodes of an old Assyrian legend, one that is slender, uninteresting, and, incidentally, by no means delicate in its suggestiveness. Of course, like most programme music, if the reader were not told what had been in the composer's mind, he would never guess it by the score; and, also like most programme music, the best thing to do is to pay no heed to the legend. Better to decide independent of it whether the composer has written what is interesting, beautiful, good, or otherwise. On the basis of such appreciation "Istar" is to be classed as an extremely rich, labored, and belabored work. It is full of brilliant contrasts of tone-color and rhythm, and the sort of thing to stir an audience with enthusiasm on certain grounds. It has much emotionality, and manifest need for an orchestra's virtuosity. But it is vague and incoherent, and as a whole not worth producing. Like the rest of the programme, especially the "Heroic" Symphony, it was gorgeously played by the Orchestra, and the audience made much of Mr. Gericke when it was finished.

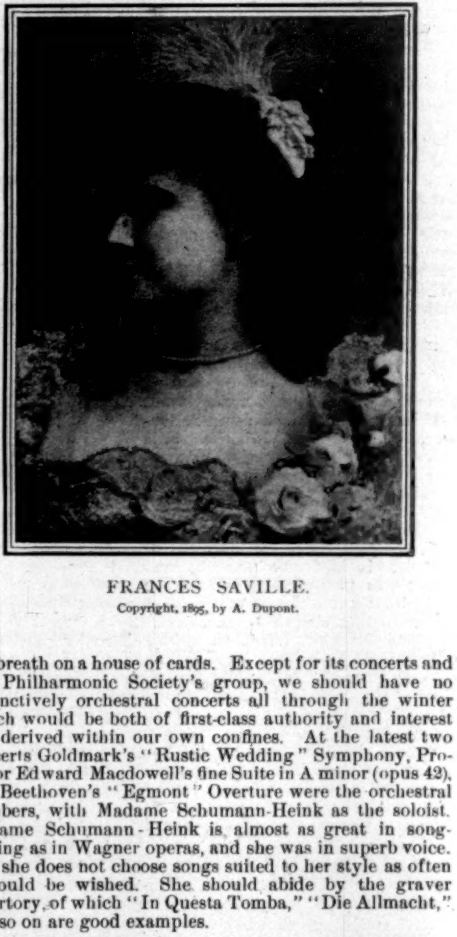
LADY HALLE (WILMA NERUDA).

Felix Gross, Violinist.

Mr. Felix Gross, a young Viennese violinist, made a local début in Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, before a small but amiable audience. Mr. Gross is undoubtedly a player of talent; but at present he has neither the refinement of art nor—apparently—the feeling for music needful to please a New York audience of the kind most appealing to his aims.

The Paur Orchestra.

It is with satisfaction that lovers of good symphony-playing will have remarked the keeping together of the band headed by Mr. Emil Paur, as far as its pair of public concerts last week. There is no reason to alter any impression of the superior qualities of the orchestra and of the utility to music here of its leader, unless to add praise. Mr. Paur is the most efficient and competent conductor of symphonic music at present an integral part of music in our city. It is to be suspected that he and the particular organization in question have had no easy task to remain a working force in a winter in which concert competition has been close. Comment under such circumstances has suggested almost the breath on a house of cards. Except for its concerts and the Philharmonic Society's group, we should have no distinctively orchestral concerts all through the winter which would be both of first-class authority and interest and derived within our own confines. At the latest two concerts Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, Professor Edward Macdowell's fine Suite in A minor (opus 42), and Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture were the orchestral numbers, with Madame Schumann-Heink as the soloist. Madame Schumann-Heink is almost as great in song-singing as in Wagner operas, and she was in superb voice. But she does not choose songs suited to her style as often as could be wished. She should abide by the graver repertory, of which "In Questa Tomba," "Die Allmacht," and so on are good examples.



FRANCES SAVILLE.

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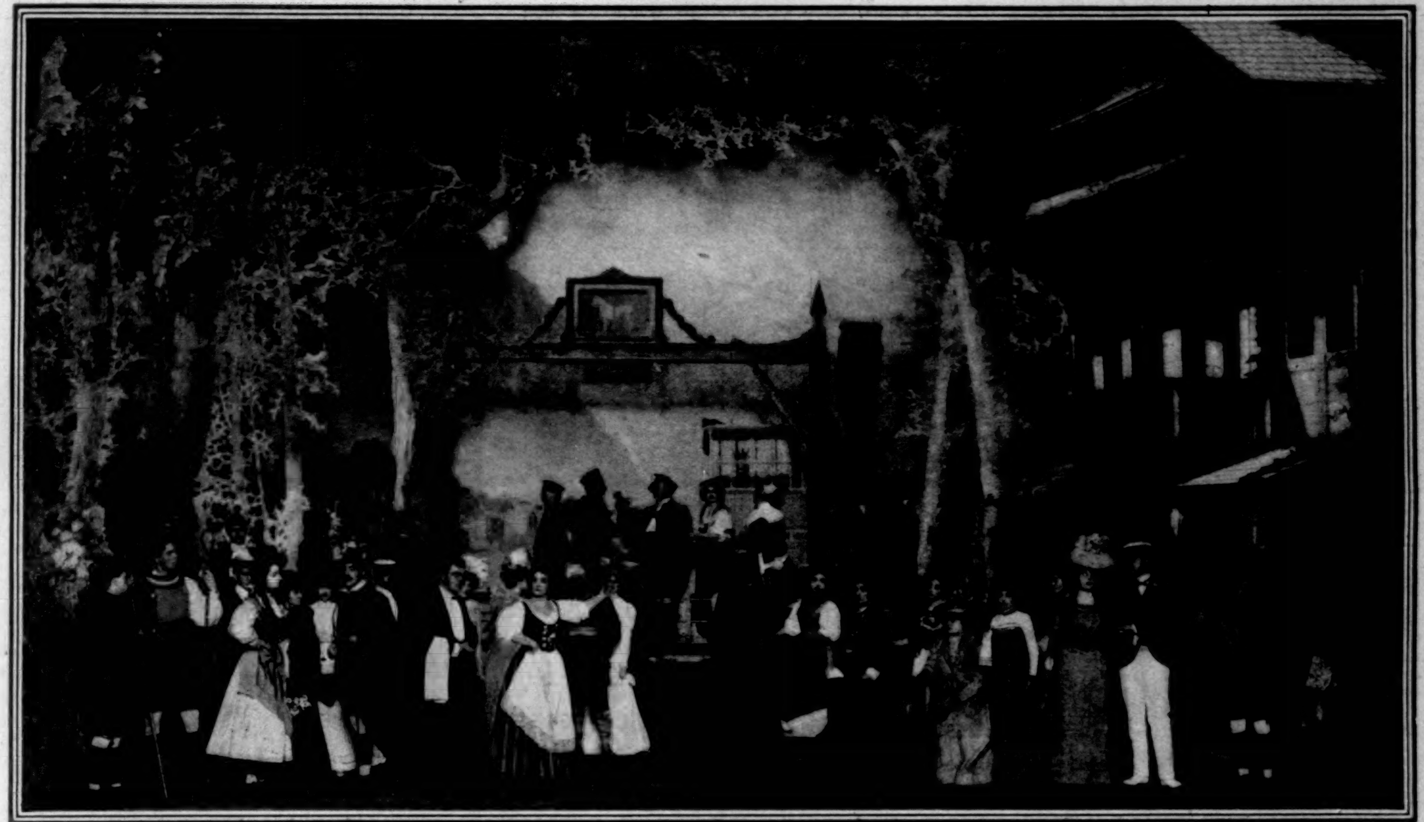
At the Opera House.

The course of opera at the Metropolitan at present is agitated by many ups and downs and internal considerations that will be plainer discussed and understood after a while. In the mean time there is no significant change in the repertory question, in which much is involved of both present and future complexity. An additional Cyclus of Wagner's Nibelungen Tetralogy wisely is announced by the management, to be given, like the preceding series—the only proper method under the circumstances—as a venture apart from the regular subscription evenings and matinées. There are three weeks more of the long season. The statistics show that by the distribution, to date, of the operas, Wagnerian or other, "Roméo et Juliette" will have been sung seven times; "Faust," five; "Tannhäuser," five; "Die Walküre," six; "Lohengrin," five; "Tristan and Isolde," four; "Il Barbiere," five. Five other well-worn operas have been given three times each, and the remainder from once to twice. Of the newer operas mentioned in Mr. Grau's autumnal prospectus, Mr. Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro" has been put into rehearsal. A revival of "Norma" was set down for last Wednesday, and "Le Prophète" is advertised.

The "National" Conservatory of Music in this city, an institution which is doing excellent service for the preparatory in art, has brought its symphony orchestra of pupils and their instructors to a degree of artistic efficiency calling for distinct recognition. The Conservatory's fourth concert occurred on Monday evening of last week, with a dignified programme, interpreted with a finish not usual in our musical schools.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



FROM "THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN," AS PLAYED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK—THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.

DRAMA

Johnny, get your Gun.

TWO versions of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" were enacted last October in London—the one, written by Mr. Sydney Grundy, was played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's; and the other, by Mr. Henry Hamilton, was played by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Globe. It was battle royal between the two camps. All London and its wife shouldered a partisan musket, and a burlesque was produced on the variety stage under the portentous title of "The Tree Dumas-Keeters." In America Mr. Sothern produced the Hamilton version some months ago in Philadelphia, and has cut short his annual tour to hurry it on in New York at the Knickerbocker Theatre, just in time to escape being beaten by Mr. O'Neill with the Grundy version at the Broadway. The strife between the Musketeers bids fair to surpass even that in London, and I suppose we shall all have to get a gun, and perhaps a sword and a pistol.

Stage Versions of the Novel.

These Musketeers come to us in a manner like bread from the waters, for Dumas got his first inspiration from an English romance of no less note than "Hamlet," and fostered it upon the novels of Scott. Almost as soon as the original novel was published (1844) it was adapted to the stage, but until the present year it does not appear to have been acted in London since Charles Dillon gave it at the Lyceum in 1856. Nowadays the reaction against naturalism has brought romantic tales to the front again, and among them very properly this prince of all romances of the sword. Dumas tells us that his acquaintance with his hero was derived from a volume of the Memoirs of M. d'Artagnan, who is described in the title-page as "Capitaine-lieutenant de la première compagnie des Mousquetaires du Roi." In this he is speaking truly enough; but when he goes on to tell us that the novel as we have it is printed from a folio manuscript which he discovered, we must believe his story only as long as we are reading the novel. As a subject for dramatization the novel has but one drawback. There is enough in it to furnish forth a dozen times five acts. It thus becomes a point of interest to see the difference in treatment of two trained dramatists. Mr. Hamilton is said to have got in most of the main incidents of the novel, thus emphasizing the narrative element. Mr. Grundy, in the version he made for Mr. Tree, is said to have revelled in the local color of the novel—largely in the matter of costume, setting, and general stage effects, but also in the matter of dialogue. To the passages he has taken from the original he has added two scenes of his own. Both dramatists have de-Gallicised the story. D'Artagnan's *Madame Bonacieux* has become a Maid of Honor in both senses, and the exposal of the *fleur de lis* branded on Miladi's fair shoulder has become a purely British indiscretion. Heaven save us from that bad Alexandre Père! Yet the thing can be overdone. "Dieu protège moi—mais pas trop!"

The O'Neill Musketeers and Miss Bates.

Mr. O'Neill's production of the Grundy version is listed to appear at the Broadway on March 13. It is to have the scenery and costumes used in Mr. Tree's gorgeous production, and is to be produced under the direction of Mr. E. J. Malyon, Mr. Tree's stage-manager. The company will include Miss Margaret Anglin, lately *Roxane* in Mansfield's "Cyrano," Mr. Wilton Lackaye, and others, among whom Miss Blanche Bates is prominent. Miss Bates first became known as leading lady in the Frawley Stock Company in San Francisco. I am informed by a recent traveller in the West that she played a very creditable *Nora* in a matinée production of "The Doll's House," which was advertised as the first production of an Ibsen play on the coast. The patrons of the theatre, who had evidently taken note of the title of the play, and of the fact that it was given in the afternoon, sent their children in large numbers. Miss Bates came to New York to take the part of the Russian adventuress, *Countess Charkoff*, in the Daly production of "The Great Ruby." She was instantly acknowledged to have made the individual success of the piece. Owing to a difference with the management, she resigned from Mr. Daly's company and joined the O'Neill Musketeers. Her somewhat conventional part in "The Great Ruby" is not a good basis for judgment, but she has a sympathetic and an unusually mobile masque, and seems to have real histrionic intelligence.

Hic Jacet.

Two American plays, to which we had looked forward with great hopes—"The Rev. Griffith Davenport" and "Nathan Hale"—were last week taken off the Metropolitan stage. To imply that there was any deep damnation in their taking off would not be quite just; but Mr. Herne's stay was very brief, and though Mr. Fitch's play was successful financially, I doubt if he is more than satisfied with his *succès d'estime*. Home-made plays are so rare that it is as well to linger over their obsequies. The two plays, though not at first sight similar, have much in common, and I suspect that the weakness of both is the same—at least I have a hypothesis that I hope will justify a post-mortem.

An Undramatic Story.

In my first notice of "The Rev. Griffith Davenport" I pointed out that though there are many interesting incidents and situations in the play, they are so fragmentary that there is really no story to follow, and they are acted with such rigid repression as to be almost without dramatic appeal or charm. They take no definite form in one's mind, and make no lasting impression there. The play is human and true so far as it goes, but it scarcely goes farther than such glimpses as one gets in real life of the affairs of his neighbors. Even at the expense of differing with so accomplished a man as Mr. Herne, I am obliged to think that this is not enough for a play. When one chooses to go to the theatre instead of, let us say, to a political meeting or to a police court, one accepts a world of rags and paint for the real world, a world of foot-lights for a world of daylight—a thing no reasonable man would do, even the strongest partisan of realism, if he did not expect to find something beyond what he would have had in the actual world. The value of the world of paint and foot-lights lies in the fact that it is not real, and that the people who move in it cannot by any possibility be regarded as real. Paint and rags are the means by which we render unreal all but the most significant aspects of life, and by doing so are enabled to work out in the space of an evening a story or the development of a human soul that in real life would take years of intimate knowledge to understand. In "Catherine" we have a story that has something definite and important to say to us, and says it coherently and with charm.

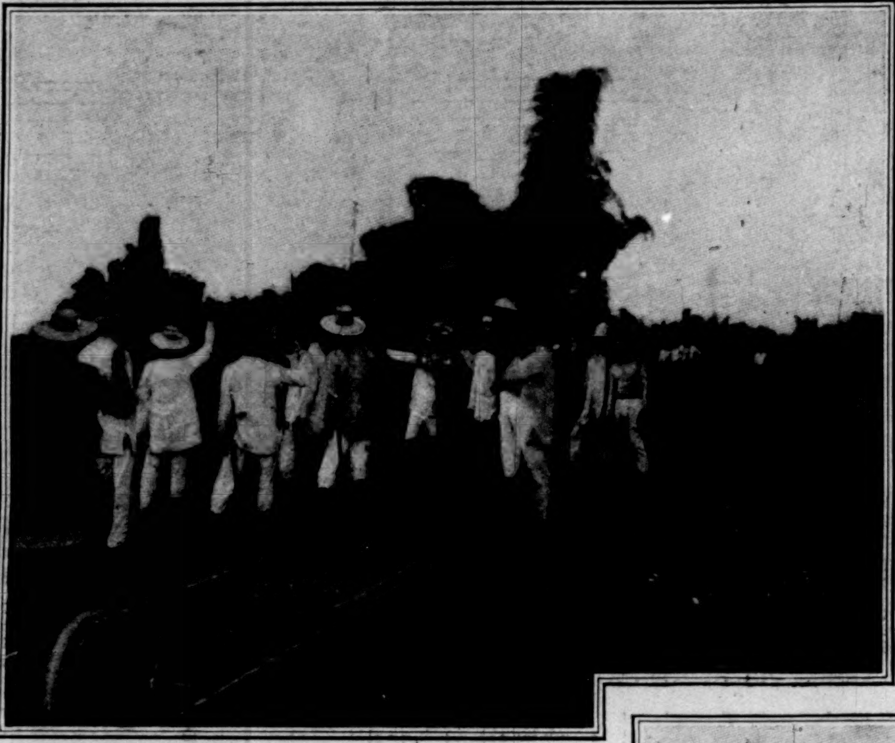
BLANCHE BATES.

A Neglected Motive.

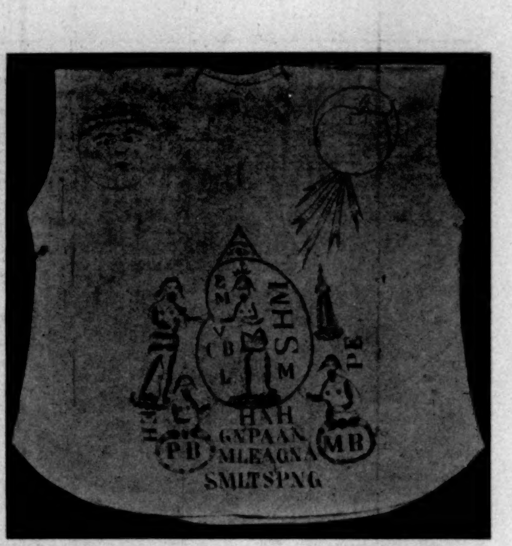
"Nathan Hale" deals with a motive rather than with a story. A young soldier, full of ambition and promise, leaves the woman he loves, to become a spy, and gives up his life with the simple regret that he had but one life to give. To work out the tragedy of that heroism to the limit of what it may be made to suggest, four acts are perhaps sufficient, but if so, there is not a moment to lose. Mr. Fitch gives up the first act, and most of the second, to the frivolities of social comedy, and when at last he broaches the motive he develops it by means of impossible situations of the conventional sort and by empty scenic effects. The play has been treated very kindly by the daily press, no doubt because of a commendable desire to encourage native effort; but the most that any one has found to praise is the absence of melodramatic excesses. After *Hale* is condemned to death, the young woman to whom he was to have been married is permitted to see him for five minutes. The play is so void of all things dramatic that there is positively nothing for her to say; so she spends the time weeping on his shoulder, and the critics say that the author has shown admirable restraint. In the entire scene in which *Hale* is hanged there are but two speeches, the question as to whether *Hale* has anything to say, and his historic answer. For the rest we are edified with the efforts of the scene-painter and the electrician. The scene has been praised as being quiet. It was pointed out some weeks ago in these columns that Mr. Fitch, in his quietude, has quite missed his main motive, but the case was not adequately stated until Mr. Howells, in the latest number of LITERATURE, spoke of his having handled one of the most exalted episodes of American history "with a very suppressed feeling for its sublimity and beauty." For an example of the dramatic expression of a motive we have only to see "Zaza." From the opening to the end of the wonderful fourth act, every scene is rigidly subordinated to the motive of the story. There is not a word or gesture that does not tell us something of the manner in which a creature of the gutter became a woman; and by using the opportunities of the stage to the full the story is told without undue emphasis.

Four Boards and a Passion.

Such considerations are technical and perhaps dry, but they are important. The fault usually found with native plays is that they are unliterary. Be that as it may, the native plays in hand commit the more essential error of being undramatic. "All I wanted," said the elder Dumas, speaking of himself as a playwright, "was four boards and a passion." Mr. Herne has his four boards, but he has judged it more important to perfect them realistically than to fuse a passion into them. Mr. Fitch has chosen a noble passion, but he has failed to adjust it to his four boards. Since "Secret Service" there has not been an American play that showed any real feeling for the limitations and the opportunities of scenic representation. JOHN CORBIN.

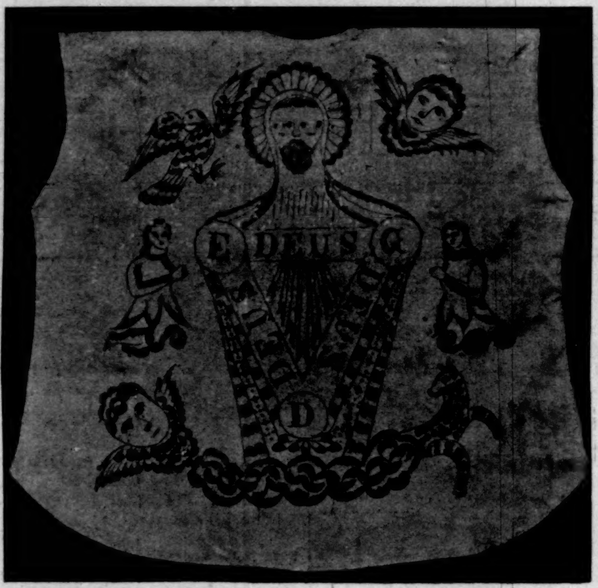


TRENCH ON THE LINE OF THE RAILWAY DEFENDED BY NATIVES ARMED WITH BOLOS.

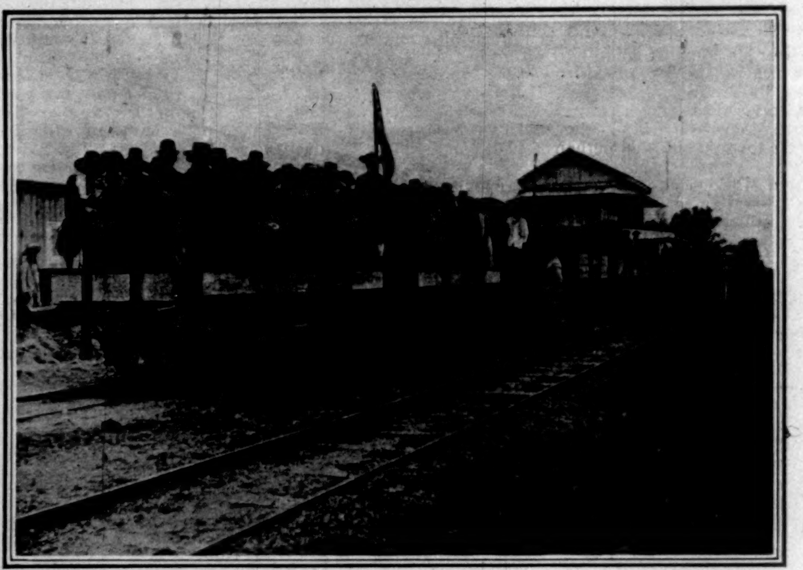


ANG-TING ANG-TING, OR CHARM TO AVERT EVIL.

TRENCHES AND EARTH-WORKS ALONGSIDE THE RAILWAY AT MEYPAJO, NEAR CALOOCAN.

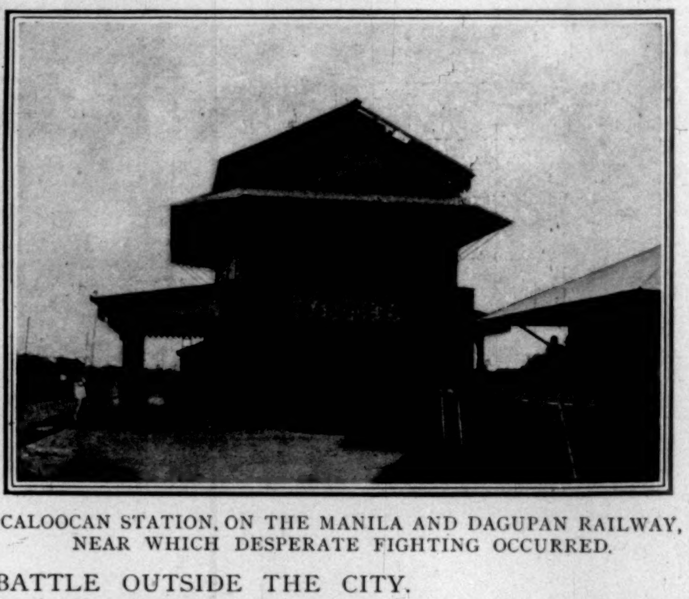


ANG-TING ANG-TING, OR CHARM TO AVERT EVIL.



BALLAST-TRAIN AT MONCADA STATION, ON THE MANILA AND DAGUPAN RAILWAY, OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS.

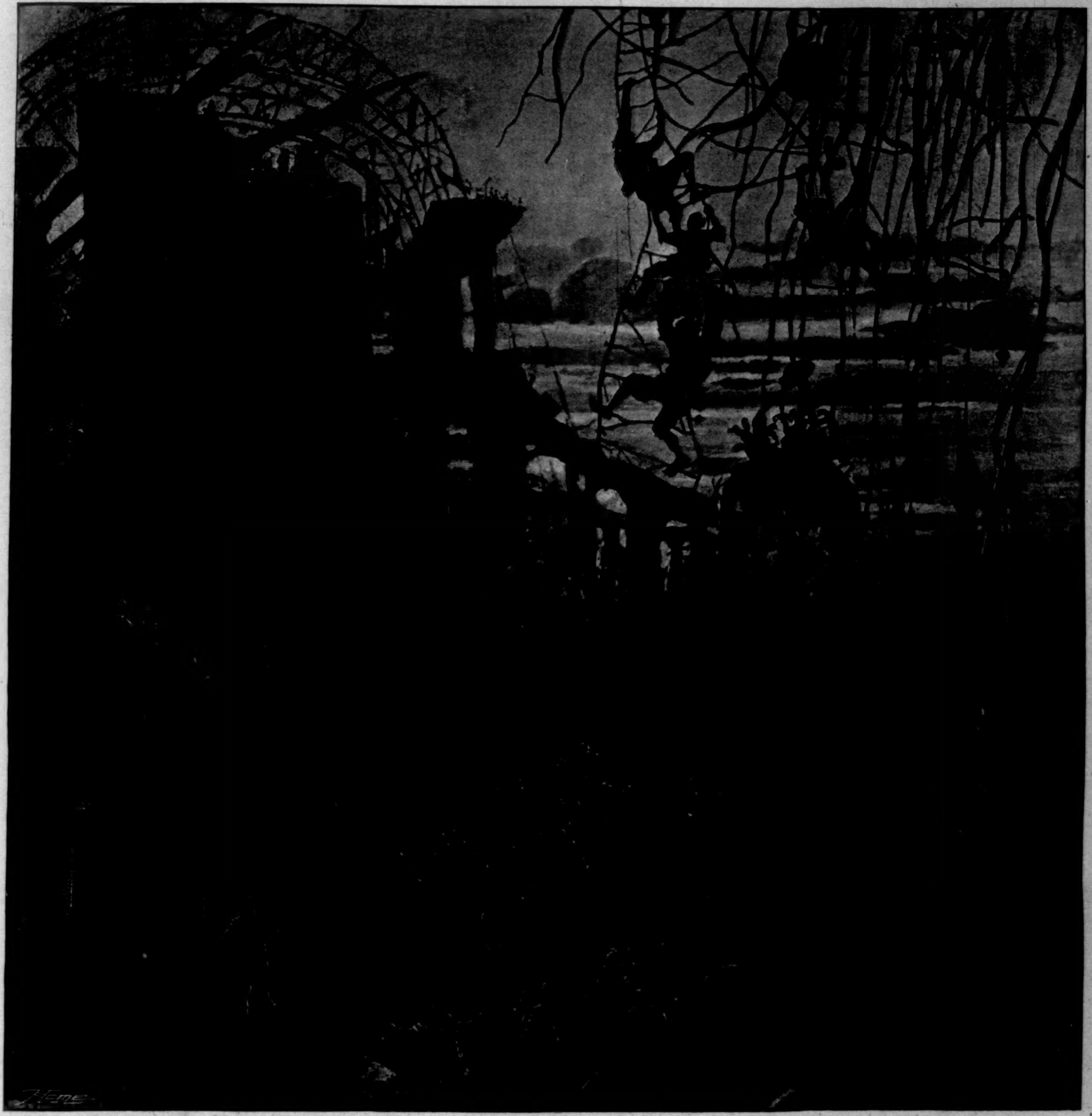
REBEL CANNON AND BREASTWORK 380 YARDS FROM BLOCK-HOUSE NO. 1.



CALOOCAN STATION, ON THE MANILA AND DAGUPAN RAILWAY, NEAR WHICH DESPERATE FIGHTING OCCURRED.

MANILA—ALONG THE LINE OF BATTLE OUTSIDE THE CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM F. D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.



WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE OLD ORDER.

SO far as Graham was able to judge, it was near mid-day when the white banner of the Council fell. But some hours elapsed before it was possible to effect the formal capitulation; and after he had spoken his "Word" before the enthusiastic disorder of that same vast theatre across which he had fled for his life not eight hours since, he rested and took refreshments in the apartments of the Wind-Vane offices that had been assigned him until the surrender was prepared. The continuous excitement of the last twelve hours had left him inordinately fatigued—even his curiosity was exhausted; for a space he sat inert and passive with open eyes, and for a space he slept. He was roused by two medical attendants, come prepared with stimulants to sustain him through the next occasion. After he had taken their drugs and bathed, by their advice, in cold water, he felt a rapid return of interest and energy, and was presently able and willing to accompany Ostrog through several miles (as it seemed) of passages, lifts, and slides to the closing scene of the White Council's rule.

The way ran deviously through a maze of buildings. They came at last to a passage that curved about, and suddenly broadening before him he saw an oblong opening, clouds hot with sunset, and the ragged sky-line of the ruinous Council House. A tumult of shouts came drifting to him. In another moment they had come out high up on the brow of the cliff of torn buildings that overhung the wreckage. The vast area opened to Graham's eyes, none the less strange and wonderful for the remote view he had had of it in the oval mirror.

This rudely amphitheatral space seemed now the better part of a mile to its outer edge. It was gold-lit on the left hand, catching the sunlight, and below and to the right clear and cold in the shadow. Above the shadowy gray Council House that stood in the midst of it the great black banner of the surrender still hung in sluggish folds against the blazing sunset. Severed rooms, halls, and passages gaped strangely, broken masses of metal projected dismally from the complex wreckage, vast masses of twisted cable dropped like tangled sea-weed, and from its base came a tumult of innumerable voices, violent concussions, and the sound of trumpets. All about this great white pile was a ring of desolation—the smashed and blackened masses, the gaunt foundations and ruinous lumber of the fabric that had been destroyed by the Council's orders, skeletons of girders, titanic masses of wall, forests of stout pillars; the thunderous concussion of their downfall he had heard that morning in the darkened ways. Amongst the sombre wreckage beneath, running water flashed and glistened, and far away across the space, out of the midst of a vague vast mass of buildings, the twisted end of a water-main, two hundred feet in the air, thunderously spouted a shining cascade. And everywhere great multitudes of people.

Wherever there were space and foothold, people swarmed—little people, small and minutely clear, except where the sunset touched them to indistinguishable gold. They clambered up the tottering walls; they clung in wreaths and groups about the high-standing pillars. They swarmed along the edges of the circle of ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central space.

The upper stories of the Council House seemed deserted; not a human being was visible. Only the drooping banner of the surrender hung heavily against the light. The dead were within the Council House, or hidden by the swarming people, or carried away. Graham could see only a few neglected bodies in gaps and corners of the ruins and amidst the flowing water.

"Will you let them see you, sire?" said Ostrog. "They are very anxious to see you."

Graham hesitated, and then walked forward to where the broken verge of wall dropped sheer. He stood looking down—a lonely, tall, black figure against the sky.

Very slowly the swarming ruins became aware of him. And as they did so, little bands of black-uniformed men appeared remotely, thrusting through the crowd towards the Council House. He saw little black heads become pink, looking at him; saw by that means a wave of recognition sweep suddenly across the space. It occurred to them that he should accord them some recognition. He held up his arm, then pointed to the Council House and dropped his hand. The voices below became unanimous, gathered volume, came up to him as multitudinous pin-point cheers.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

The sun had long since vanished, the western sky was pallid bluish-green, and Jupiter shone high in the south before the capitulation was accomplished. Above was a slow insensible change, the advance of night, serene and beautiful; below was hurry, excitement, conflicting orders, pauses, spasmodic developments of organization, a vast ascending clamor and confusion. Before the Council came out, toiling perspiring men, directed by a conflict of shouts, carried forth hundreds of those who had perished in the hand-to-hand conflict within those long passages and chambers. The Twelve Trustees came out at last, preceded by the disarmed guards in red, and by the black and yellow lackeys; they came along a wooden footway that had been hurriedly made to bridge a streaming torrent of water, along an avenue of improvised lights, to the place Ostrog had chosen to receive them. A perpetual hammering drowned the sound of their approach.

Guards in black lined the way, and as far as the eye could reach into the hazy blue twilight of the ruins, and swarming now at every possible point in the captured Council House and along the shattered cliff of its circumadjacent buildings, were innumerable people, and their voices, even when they were not cheering, were as the soughing of the sea upon a pebble beach. Ostrog had chosen a huge commanding pile of overthrown masonry, and on this a stage of timbers and metal girders was being hastily constructed. Its essential parts were complete, and Graham stood in his place, but humming and clangorous machinery still glared fitfully in the shadows beneath this edifice.

The stage had a small higher portion, on which Graham stood, with Ostrog and Lincoln close beside him, a little in advance of a group of minor officers. A broader lower stage surrounded this quarter-deck, and on this were the black-uniformed guards of the revolt, armed with little green weapons, whose very names Graham still did not know. Those standing about him perceived that his eye wandered perpetually from the swarming people in the dusky ruins about him to the mass of the White Council House, whence the Trustees would presently come, and to the gaunt cliffs of ruin that encircled him, and so back to the people.

The voices of the crowd swelled to a tumult.

He saw the Councillors first afar off in the glare of one of the lights, a little group of white figures blinking in a black archway. In the Council House they had been in darkness. He watched them slowly approaching, drawing nearer, past first this blazing electric star and then that; the minatory roar of the crowd over whom their power had lasted for a hundred and fifty years marched along beside them. As they drew still nearer, their faces came out weary and white and anxious. He saw them blinking up at the glare to see him and Ostrog. He contrasted his memory of their strange cold looks in the Hall of the Atlas. Presently he could recognize several of them—the man who had rapped the table at Howard, a burly man with a red beard, and one delicate-featured, short, dark man with a peculiarly long skull. He noted that two were whispering together, and looking behind him at Ostrog. Next there came a tall, dark, and handsome man, walking downcast. Abruptly he glanced up, his eyes touching Graham for a moment, and passed beyond him to Ostrog.

"The Master, the Master! God and the Master!" shouted the people. "To hell with the Council!" Graham looked at their multitudes, receding beyond counting into a shouting haze, and then at Ostrog beside him, white and steadfast and still. His eye went to the little patch of White Councillors receding to the right. For the way that had been made for them was so contrived that they had to march past and curve about before they came to the sloping path of planks that ascended to the stage where their surrender was to be made. And then he looked up at the familiar quiet stars overhead. The marvellous element in his fate was suddenly vivid. Could that be his, indeed, that little life in his memory two hundred years gone by—and this as well?

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE CROW'S NEST.

AND so, after strange delays and through an avenue of battle and doubt and struggle, this man from the nineteenth century came at last to his position at the head of that new world.

At first, when he rose from the long deep sleep that followed his rescue and the surrender of the Council, he did not recognize his surroundings. By an effort he gained a clew in his mind, and all that had happened came back to him, at first with a quality of insincerity like a story heard, like something read out of a book. And even before his memories were clear, the exultation of his escape, the wonder of his prominence, were back in his mind. He was owner of half the world, Master of the Earth. This new great age was in the completest sense his. He no longer hoped to discover his experiences a dream; he became anxious now to convince himself that they were real.

An obsequious valet assisted him to dress, under the direction of a dignified chief attendant, a little man whose face proclaimed him Japanese, albeit he spoke English like an Englishman. From the latter he learnt something of the state of affairs. Already the revolution was an accepted fact; already business was being resumed throughout the City. Abroad the downfall of the Council had been received for the most part with delight. Nowhere was the Council popular, and the thousand cities of Western America, after two hundred years still bitterly jealous of New York, London, and the East, had risen almost unanimously two days before at the news of Graham's imprisonment. Paris was fighting within itself. The rest of the world hung in suspense.

While he was breaking his fast, the sound of a telephone bell jetted from a corner, and his chief attendant called his attention to the voice of Ostrog making polite inquiries. Graham interrupted his refreshment to reply. Very shortly Lincoln arrived, and Graham at once expressed a strong desire to talk to people and to be shown more of the new life that was opening before him. Lincoln informed him that in three hours' time a representative gathering of officials and their wives would be held in the state apartments of the wind-vane chief. Graham's desire to traverse the ways of the city was, however, at present impossible, because of the enormous excitement of the people. It was, nevertheless, quite possible for him to take a bird's-eye view of the city from the crow's nest of the wind-vane keeper. To this, accordingly, Graham was conducted by his attendant. Lincoln, with a graceful compliment to the attendant, apologized for not accompanying them, on account of the present pressure of administrative work.

Higher even than the most gigantic wind-wheels hung this crow's nest, a clear thousand feet above the roofs, a little disk-shaped speck on a spear of metallic filigree, cable-stayed. To its summit Graham was drawn in a little cradle, wire-hung. Half-way down the frail-seeming stem was a light gallery, about which hung a cluster of tubes—minute they looked from above—rotating slowly on the ring of its outer rail. These were the specula, *en rapport* with the wind-vane keeper's mirrors, in one of which Ostrog had shown him the coming of his rule. His Japanese attendant ascended before him, and they spent nearly an hour asking and answering questions.

It was a day full of the promise and quality of spring. The touch of the wind warmed. The sky was an intense blue, and the vast expanse of London shone dazzling under the afternoon sun. The air was clear of smoke and haze, sweet as the air of a mountain glen.

Save for the irregular oval of ruins about the House of the Council and the black flag of the surrender that fluttered there, the mighty city, seen from above, showed few signs of the swift revolution that had, to his imagination, in one night and one day, changed the destinies of the world. A multitude of people still swarmed over these ruins, and the huge open-work stagings in the distance, at which the still interrupted service of aeroplanes to the various great cities of Europe and America started, were also black with the victors. Across a narrow way of planking raised on trestles that crossed the ruins a crowd of workmen were busy restoring the connection between the cables and wires of the Council House and the rest of the city, preparatory to the transfer thither of Ostrog's headquarters from the wind-vane buildings.

For the rest, the luminous expanse was undisturbed. So vast was its serenity in comparison with the areas of disturbance that presently Graham, looking beyond them, could almost forget the thousands of men lying out of sight in the artificial glare within the quasi-subterranean labyrinth, dead or dying of the overnight wounds; forget the improvised wards, with the hosts of surgeons, nurses, and bearers feverishly busy; forget, indeed, all the wonder, consternation, and novelty under the electric lights. Down there in the hidden ways of the ant-hill he knew that the revolution triumphed, that black everywhere carried the day—black favors, black banners, black festoons across the streets. And out here, under the fresh sunlight, beyond the crater of the fight, as if nothing was happening to the earth, the forest of wind-vanes, that had grown from one or two while the Council had ruled, roared peacefully upon their incessant duty.

Far away, spiked, jagged, and indented by the wind-vanes, the Surrey hills rose, blue and faint; to the north and nearer, the sharp contours of Highgate and Muswell Hill were similarly jagged. And all over the country-side, he knew, on every crest and hill, where once the hedges had interlaced, and cottages, churches, inns, and farm-houses had nestled among their trees, wind-wheels similar to those he saw, and bearing, like them, vast advertisements, gaunt and distinctive symbols of the new age, cast their whirling shadows, and stored incessantly the energy that flowed away incessantly through all the arteries of the city. And underneath these wandered the countless flocks and herds of the British Food Trust with their lonely guards and keepers.

Not a familiar outline anywhere broke the cluster of gigantic shapes below. St. Paul's, he knew, survived, and many of the old buildings in Westminster, embedded out of sight, arched over and covered in among the giant growths of this great age. The Thames, too, made no fall and gleam of silver to break the wilderness of the city; it ran a dark stream of clarified sewage beneath the foundations of houses, and a race of grimy bargemen brought the heavy materials of trade from the Pool thereby to the very feet of the workers. Faint and dim in the eastward, between earth and sky, hung the clustering masts of the colossal shipping in the Pool. For all the heavy traffic for which there was no need of haste came in gigantic sailing-ships from the ends of the earth, and the heavy goods for which there was urgency, in mechanical ships of a smaller, swifter sort.

And to the south, over the hills, in three separate directions, ran pallid lines—the roads, stippled with moving gray specks. He tried to imagine these roads. On the first occasion that offered he was determined to go out and see them. That would come after the flying-ship he was presently to try. His attendant officer described them as a pair of gently curving surfaces a hundred yards wide, each one for the traffic going in one direction, and made of a substance called Eadhamite—an artificial substance, so far as he could gather, resembling toughened glass. Along this shot a strange traffic of rubber-shod vehicles, great single wheels, two and four wheeled vehicles, sweeping along at velocities of from one to six miles a minute. Railroads had vanished; a few embankments remained as rust-crowned trenches here and there. Some few formed the cores of Eadhamite ways.

Among the first things to strike his attention had been the great fleets of advertisement balloons and kites that receded in irregular vistas northward and southward along the lines of the aeroplane journeys. No aeroplanes were to be seen. Their passages had ceased, and only one little-seeming aeropile circled high in the blue distance above the Surrey hills, an unimpressive soaring speck.

A thing Graham had already learned, and which he found very hard to imagine, was that nearly all the towns in the country, and almost all the villages, had disappeared. Here and there only, he understood, some gigantic hotel-like edifice stood amid square miles of some single cultivation and preserved the name of a town—as Bournemouth, Wareham, or Swanage. Yet the officer had speedily convinced him how inevitable such a change had been. The old order had dotted the country with farm-houses, and every two or three miles was the ruling landlord's estate, and the place of the inn and cobbler, the grocer's shop and church—the village. Every eight miles or so was the country town, where lawyer, corn-merchant, wool-stapler, saddler, veterinary surgeon, doctor, draper, milliner, and so forth lived. Every eight miles—simply because that eight-mile marketing journey, four back and home, was as much as was comfortable for the farmer. But directly the railways came into play, and after them the light railways, and all the swift new motor-cars that had replaced wagons and horses, and so soon as the highroads began to be made of wood and rubber and Eadhamite and all sorts of elastic durable substances—the necessity of having such frequent market-towns disappeared. And the big towns grew. They drew the worker with the gravitational force of seemingly endless work, the employer with their suggestions of an infinite ocean of labor.

And as the standard of comfort rose, as the complexity of the mechanism of living increased, life in the country had become more and more costly, or narrow and impossible. The disappearance of vicar and squire, the extinction of the general practitioner by the city specialist, had robbed the village of its last touch of culture. After telephone, kinematograph, and phonograph had replaced newspaper, book, schoolmaster, and letter, to live outside the range of the electric cables was to live an isolated savage. In the country were no means of being either clothed or fed (according to the refined conceptions of the time), no efficient doctors for an emergency, no company, and no pursuits.

Moreover, mechanical appliances in agriculture made one engineer the equivalent of thirty laborers. So, inverting the condition of the city clerk in the days when London was scarce inhabitable because of the foulness of its air, the laborers now came hurrying by road or air to the city and its life and delights at night to leave it again in the morning. The city had swallowed up humanity; man had entered upon a new stage in his development. First had come the nomad, the hunter, then had followed the agriculturist of the agricultural state, where towns and cities and ports were but the headquarters and markets of the country-side. And now, logical consequence of an epoch of invention, was this huge new aggregation of men. Save London, there were only four other cities in Britain—Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Manchester, and Shrewsbury. Such things as these, simple statements of fact though they were to contemporary men, strained Graham's imagination to picture. And when he glanced "over beyond there" at the strange things that existed on the continent, it failed him altogether.

He had a vision of city beyond city, cities on great plains, cities beside great rivers, vast cities along the sea margin, cities girdled by snowy mountains. Over a great part of the earth the English tongue was spoken; taken together with its Spanish-American and Hindoo and Negro and Pidjin dialects, it was the every-day language of two-thirds of the people of the earth. On the Continent, save as remote and curious survivals, three other languages alone held sway—German, which reached to Salonica and Genoa, had jostled Spanish-English at Cadiz; a Gallicized Russian which had spread to Syria and met the Indian English at Ormuz; and French, still clear and brilliant, the language of lucidity, which circled the Mediterranean, and reached through a negro dialect to the Congo.

And everywhere now, through the city-set earth, save in the administered "black belt" territories of the tropics, the same cosmopolitan social organization prevailed, and everywhere from Pole to Equator his property and his responsibilities extended. The whole world was civilized; the whole world dwelt in cities; the whole world was property. Over the British Empire and throughout America Graham's ownership was scarcely disguised; Congress and Parliament were usually regarded as antique, curious gatherings. And even in the two empires of Russia and Germany, the influence of his wealth was conceivably of enormous weight. There, of course, came problems—possibilities, but, uplifted as he was, even Russia and Germany seemed sufficiently remote. And of the quality of the black-belt administration, and of what that might mean for him, after the fashion of his former days, he thought not at all.

Out of the dim southwest, glittering and strange, voluptuous, and in some way terrible, shone those Pleasure Cities too, of which the kinematograph-phonograph and the old man in the street had spoken. Strange places reminiscent of the legendary Sybaris, cities of art and beauty, mercenary art and mercenary beauty, sterile wonderful cities of motion and music, whither repaired all who profited by the fierce, inglorious, economical struggle that went on in the glaring labyrinth below.

Fierce he knew it was. How fierce he could judge from the fact that these latter-day people referred back to the England of the nineteenth century as the figure of an idyllic, easy-going life. He turned his eyes to the scene immediately before him again, trying to conceive the big factories of that intricate maze.

Northward he knew were the potters, makers not only of earthenware and china, but of the kindred pastes and compounds a subtler mineralogical chemistry had devised; there were the makers of statuettes and wall ornaments and much intricate furniture; there too were the factories where feverishly competitive authors devised their phonograph discourses and advertisements, and arranged the groupings and developments for their perpetually startling and novel kinematographic dramatic works. Thence too flashed the world-wide messages, the world-wide falsehoods, of the news-tellers, the chargers of the telephonic machines that had replaced the newspapers of the past.

To the westward, beyond the smashed Council House, were the voluminous offices of municipal control and government; and to the eastward, towards the port, the trading quarters, the huge public markets, the theatres, houses of resort, betting-palaces, miles of billiard-saloons, baseball and football circuses, wild-beast rings, and the innumerable temples of the Christian and quasi-Christian sects, the Mohammedans, Buddhists, Gnostics, Spook-Worshippers, the Incubus-Worshippers, the Furniture-Worshippers, and so forth; and to the south again a vast manufacture of textiles, pickles, wines and condiments, and so forth. And from point to point tore the countless multitudes along the roaring mechanical ways. A gigantic hive, of which the winds were tireless servants, and the ceaseless wind-vanes an appropriate crown and symbol.

He thought of the unprecedented population that had been sucked up by this sponge of halls and galleries—the thirty-three million lives that were playing out each its own brief ineffectual drama below him, and the complacency that the brightness of the day and space and splendor of the view, and, above all, the sense of his own importance, had begotten, dwindled and perished. Looking down from the height over the city it became at last possible to conceive this overwhelming multitude of thirty-three millions, the reality of the responsibility he would take upon himself, the vastness of the human Maelstrom over which his slender kingship hung.

He tried to figure the individual life. It astonished him to realize how little the common man had changed, in spite of the visible change in his conditions. Life and property, indeed, were secure from violence over almost all the world; zymotic diseases, bacterial diseases of all sorts, had practically vanished; every one had a sufficiency of food and clothing, was warmed in the city ways and sheltered from the weather—so much the almost mechanical progress of science and the physical organization of society had accomplished. But the crowd, he was already beginning to discover, was a crowd still, helplessly in the hands of demagogue and organizer, individually cowardly, individually swayed by appetite, collectively incalculable. The memory of countless figures in pale blue canvas came before his mind. Millions of such men and women below him, he knew, had never been out of the city, had never seen beyond the little round of unintelligent grudging participation in the world's business, and unintelligent dissatisfied sharing of its tawdrier pleasures. He thought of the hopes of his vanished contemporaries, and for a moment the dream of London in Morris's quaint *News from Nowhere*, and the perfect land of Hudson's beautiful *Crystal Age*, appeared before him in an atmosphere of infinite loss. He thought of his own hopes.

For in the latter days of that passionate life that lay now so far behind him the conception of a free and equal manhood had become a very real thing to him. He had hoped, as indeed his age had hoped, rashly taking it for granted that the sacrifice of the many to the few would some day cease, that a day was near when every child born of woman should have a fair and assured chance of happiness. And here, after two hundred years, the same hope, still unfulfilled, cried passionately through the city. After two hundred years, he knew, greater than ever, grown with the city to gigantic proportions, were poverty and misery and all the sorrows of his time.

Already he knew something of the history of the intervening years. He had heard now of the moral decay that had followed the collapse of supernatural religion in the minds of ignoble man, the decline of public honor, the ascendency of wealth. For men who had lost their belief in God had still kept their faith in Property, and wealth ruled a venial world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

FRUIT-RAISING, MARKET-GARDENING, AND HORTICULTURE

IT is when the writer comes to descriptions of the fertile possibilities—of fruits which bud and blossom and ripen to sweet maturity, and market produce which returns a hundredfold the work of man, in one, two, and sometimes even four crops a year, and the vast flora, of beautiful shrubs, of gorgeous foliage, and flowering plants which dazzle the eye by mazes of odd rich forms and color, and overpower the senses with subtle perfumes—that he is inclined to rhapsodize over beautiful tropical Puerto Rico and call it a veritable Garden of Eden.

While the spring months rollick in the greatest wantonness and profusion of bloom, to the tourist there seems to be no period of the year when the landscape is not an immense flower-garden, for most of the wild plants blossom and go through the stages of fruitage several times a year, and the cultivated fruits, vegetables, and flowers are planted in successive intervals of time, so that matured products may be had the whole year through.

The Floridian orange and lemon grower, who has struggled against the perversities of his sandy soil, where his carefully prepared fertilizers straightway proceed to enjoy the society of subterranean fossils rather than to give renewed life to his tenderly husbanded trees, and where the climate is all gentle zephyrs one day and a black frost the next, would do well to move to this country of vegetal luxuriance, where fine sweet oranges will grow well in the dense thickets in spite of choking and entwining vines and overarching shade trees.

The same advice applies to the fruit-grower of arid southern California, who by constant irrigation and by the sweat of his brow raises his crops from the sandy soil, creating upon the desert spots of green loveliness, and securing in return, it is true, an exuberance of fine fruit.

The same amount of capital and energy, however, expended in Puerto Rico would insure twice the crop of the Floridian, and fully as great if not a greater one than the Californian can raise on his artificially prepared ground.

With Puerto Rico an integral part of the United States—and there is every promise that it will come into close relationship with us long before those hot-beds of revolution, Cuba and the Philippines—there is no doubt but that it will literally become the fruit and vegetable garden for this country. Almost every known tropical and semi-tropical fruit can be grown to its highest perfection there, and many of the growths of temperate climes find the soil congenial. A Northern man fails to comprehend the meaning of the word fruit until such time as he has lived on this lovely island and tasted each day for a year some new edible creation of nature. The descriptions of flowers and odors fail me, as there are no adequate comparative terms or sensations in which they can be expressed. They are sour or sweet, savory or insipid, pungent or mawkish, fragrant or malodorous, and all degrees between, but, above all, with an individuality in each and every fruit which should debar one from remarking that it is in taste a near approach to others.

It is quite the habit of the native population to speak of the western province of the island as the fruit-raising region. From a commercial stand-point—that is, in the sense of supplying large markets with fruit—there exists but a meagre industry in Puerto Rico. At Mayaguez, which is looked upon as the export centre for small fruits and vegetables, there were shipped in 1898, principally to the United States, some six or eight million oranges, which brought an average of $4 50 a thousand; a million and a half cocoanuts, at $25 a thousand; and fifty thousand pineapples, at $2 a dozen (money in Puerto-Rican silver). These figures sum up practically the foreign fruit trade done by an island which, area for area, is capable of producing much larger crops than any portion of the United States.

It seems astounding that bananas, plantains, yams, sweet-potatoes, and half a hundred more fruits and vegetables, which would find favor in our country, have never been exported to any extent.

Plantains and bananas form the principal food-products of the island, and exceed many times in quantity and weight all other food-stuffs combined. There are no statistics bearing on this point which are more than mere conjecture, but it may be safely said that the diet of the peasants, who number ninety per cent. of the population, is mainly these two nourishing fruits.

To the eyes of the novice the banana and plantain are alike in fruit, though there is a difference in the veining of the leaves and the shape of the fruit. The plantain is almost tasteless and mawkish when green, and is not fit for food until baked over a hot fire.

There are no less than eight varieties of the banana which are indigenous and grow wild. They are known under colloquial names relating to their form and color, and range in size from the giant triangular-shaped yellow banana, some eight or ten inches long, down to a tiny variety with cylindrical barrel and rounded ends, known as lady-fingers. There are two varieties of the red banana, which are not considered by the natives to be particularly good, but which command high prices in our country. The large yellow varieties have a fine flavor and penetrating fragrance; but the little ones, with a slight delicate aroma, are considered the most palatable.

In 1832, Flinter, in his book on Puerto Rico (*State of Puerto Rico*, page 197), entertainingly shows the product of one man's labor for a year in raising plantains. He can cultivate eighteen acres, growing 11,875 plants, which will bear annually, allowing twenty-five plantains to a shoot and three shoots to a tree, 890,625 plantains, or enough food for 244 men for one year, allowing them each ten plantains a day; or they will bring in money, selling them at the then lowest market-price, 192 for a dollar, $4639. He further calculates that this amount will pay for the land at $100 an acre, buy oxen and horses for cultivating, and two slaves at $400 each, and still leave a net profit of $1479 on the capital invested. The changes necessary in his figures to meet the conditions of to-day are rather in the grower's favor. Land may be had for $50 to $75 an acre, and free labor at about $200 a year; the product, on the whole, will sell for more if the larger varieties are cultivated, as they bring about fifty cents for bunches six to eight hands high in the market at Mayaguez; and allowing a single full bunch to a tree in place of the possible three, the grower would receive about $6000. The factor of transportation, which Flinter does not calculate, must be allowed for, and will materially reduce the profit.

There are two varieties of oranges which are indigenous to the soil and grow wild in the dense thickets, yielding, under unfavorable conditions, heavy crops of fruit. The only orange grove cultivated as such of which the writer has knowledge consisted of fifteen acres of trees, and is near Mayaguez. It is customary to let all young plants live where they spring up, in the shade of the coffee plantations, in the fence-rows, and on the road-sides, no particular attention being paid them beyond the harvesting, perhaps, of what remains of the crop after the wandering poor have enjoyed many a luscious globe stoned from the branches.

There grows another variety of orange in the island, which is bitter-sweet when green, known by the natives as "naranja" (the Spanish name of orange), in contradistinction to the sweet green orange called "chino." The trees differ slightly, in that the naranja has a supplementary tip or heart-shaped pendant on the end of each leaf. The naranja is seldom used, though when it goldens it is very pleasant and sweet.

What a veritable paradise this land will be for the American orange-grower who carries with him his often bitter experience and careful methods of cultivation, gained in the sandy wastes of Florida!

The thin-skinned lemon is not indigenous to Puerto Rico; there is, however, a small citron which looks like an immense lemon, with a rind nearly half an inch thick, which cracks open as the fruit yellows. It is rather dry, and not very sour, and the juice is used with sugar and water as a beverage. The rind is highly aromatic and has an economic value. There are no drawbacks to future lemon-culture, the soil and the climate of the mountain uplands being very suitable. Sweet lemons with a bitter-sweet taste grow very profusely in several sections, though they are seldom gathered, unless it be to make from them a sort of conserve, or to use them medicinally, since they are considered of some therapeutic value in malarial fevers. Shaddocks grow to fine proportions, and are eaten to a limited extent.

Limes, which are used universally on the island, are very abundant, and during the flowering season perfume the air for yards around with the delicate odor of their blossoms. The fruit reaches a size and perfection seldom seen elsewhere, and the large paper-skinned varieties almost cause one to mistake them for lemons. They are never raised with intent and never exported, but they may always be found fresh in the market-places. The extraction and bottling of lime juice has been found very remunerative elsewhere, and is offered as a business suggestion.

Puerto-Rican pineapples are famous for their delicious flavor and wonderful bouquet; in fact, it is even admitted in Cuba that the pineapple *par excellence* is grown on the sister island. It has only been within the last decade that any attempt at systematic culture has been made, and the industry is yet carried on in the most primitive manner. The Mayaguez district is the one in which they are grown mainly for export, and in other portions of the island, where never above a hundred or so are grown in a single patch, they are used for home consumption, the inferior ones alone finding their way to the local markets.

The raising of the above-named fruits—bananas, oranges, limes, lemons, and pineapples—offers industrial openings of much merit for men of small capital, who cannot or dare not indulge in the high-priced luxuries of sugar-growing, coffee or tobacco plantations. It is a sure way to modest wealth, and it is believed that no investor, for the next ten years, can go amiss by putting his money and his wits into this form of toil. What are sorely needed to-day, however, to assure complete success, are direct lines of fruiters running from the island ports to the great marts of our Atlantic seaboard. It is possibly on account of the lack of such transportation facilities that the more perishable fruits have never found their way to the United States from this bit of fertile land and sunny sky.

Cocoanuts grow everywhere along the sandy coast-lines, and old coral rocks which have been covered over with rich silts and sands afford a perfect soil for their prolific growing. It is said that cocoanut-raising is very profitable; that is, it gives large returns for the money invested; but there is much more labor connected with the industry than the casual observer would imagine. The sandy margins of the coast-line, where sugar-estate holders are willing to part with them, are sold for very low figures. The trees rapidly spring to maturity, and after a very few years bear immense annual crops of nuts. The heavy expenses lie in the laborious methods of gathering the nuts by climbing the trees and hacking the branches from the lofty heights, and again in the difficulties which are met with in releasing the nuts from the heavy fibrous husks. Cultivation of the sandy loams in which the trees grow is unnecessary, and hence there are no expenses in this direction. A very profitable business is the extracting of oil from the nuts, as half a dozen large ones will furnish a quart of oil. The writer hesitates to make too much of a point regarding this industry in Puerto Rico, as the suitable areas are not numerous, and there are so many far more desirable localities along the coast of Cuba, where thousands of acres are available in single stretches. It is, however, one of the economic possibilities, even here, which should by no means be overlooked.

The cocoa-tree (cacoa) grows well, and the product has a ready sale on the island, as cocoa and chocolate are made at both San Juan and Mayaguez, the best chocolate bringing as much as a dollar a pound. It takes seven or eight years for a grove to get to full fruit-bearing, but the industry is sure to expand rapidly.

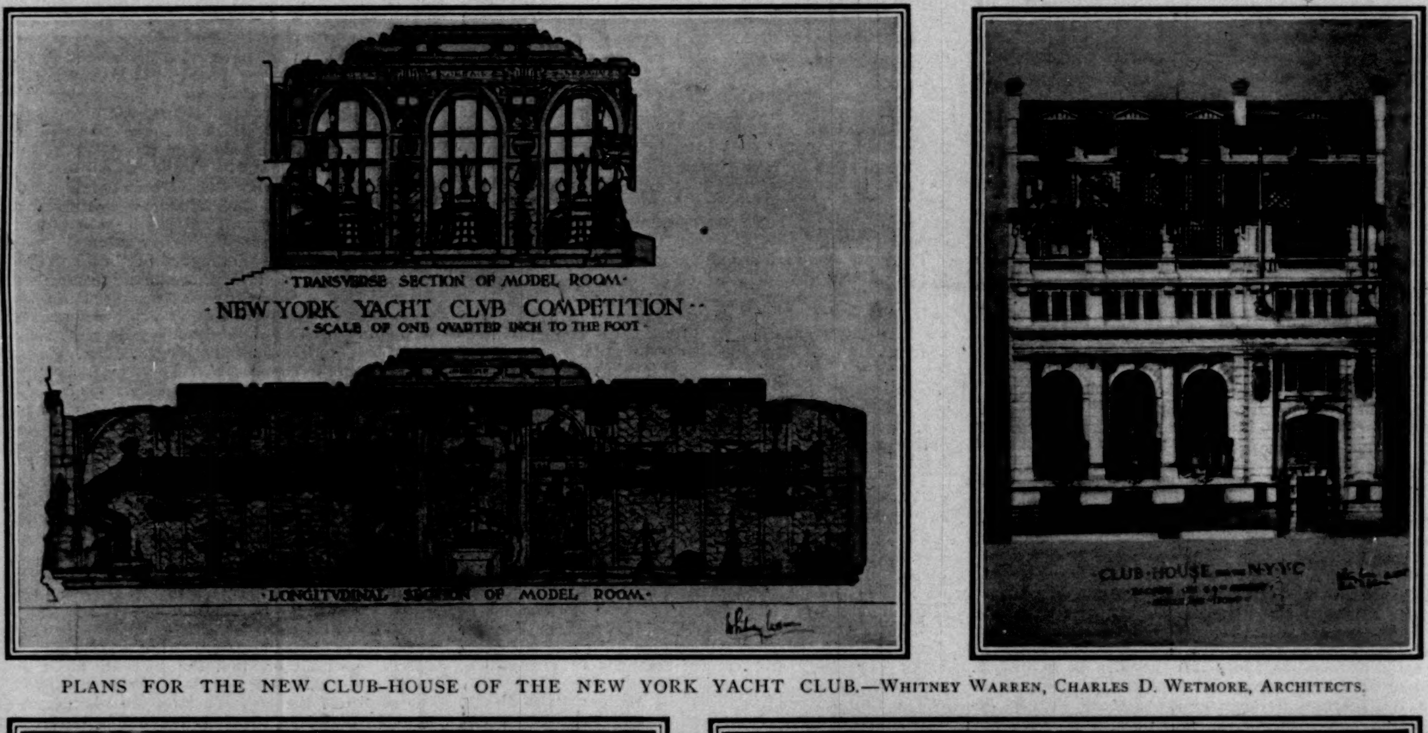
Among the many other valuable fruits which might be shipped to Northern markets if rapid steam facilities were at hand is the aguacate (alligator or avocado pear, Lauraceæ), which grows on a tree with laurel-like leaves, from thirty to seventy feet high. The fruit is like a huge pear, with smooth green skin, turning brown if allowed to hang too long. It has a soft buttery meat, half an inch thick, which melts in the mouth, and is eaten as a salad in combination with lime juice or vinegar and salt and pepper. While it is almost tasteless without condiments, it is so agreeable with them that the aguacate habit becomes a fixed one after a few months' sojourn on the island. In the centre of the pear is a large hard kernel, an inch or more in diameter, which is not edible, but from which may be extracted a reddish-brown indelible dye, which needs no mordant to fix its color. This salad fruit is sometimes seen in New York in small quantities, where it sells for from twenty-five to fifty cents, though it may be purchased on the island for a copper piece. There is no reason why it should not be shipped to the United States in quantity, but it requires careful packing, and should be picked from the trees while firm and green. The trees require from five to ten years to mature.

The nispero is another delectable fruit, with an indescribable nectar flavor. It grows on a rather small bushy tree, and looks much like a round, rough-skinned, baked potato. It has a number of large shiny black seeds set in the meat, which make it difficult to eat successfully. This fruit would be extremely difficult to ship, unless packed with great care. Its delicate aroma, however, would cause it to find instant favor with our people. The tree does not bear fruit until the fourth or fifth year.

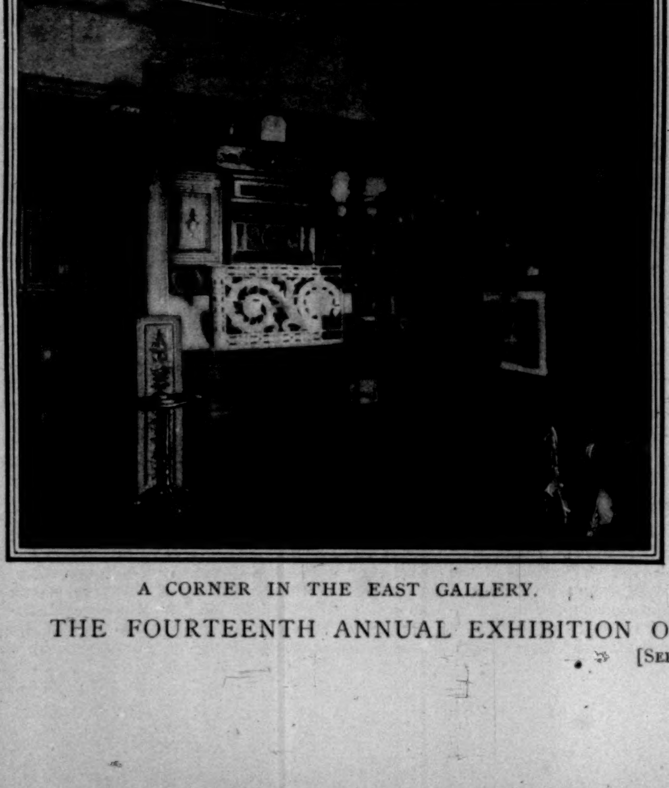
There are two varieties of fruit much like plums in shape, and known as Indian plums, or jobos de la India. The larger kind is an exotic which grows well, and bears a fruit as large as a lemon. It is fine-flavored, slightly acid, and, when ripe, is of a golden-yellow color. The native variety is smaller, but very pleasing to the taste. It contains much tannic acid, and is often eaten for its medicinal properties alone. The tree exudes, when tapped, a gum which is made into a powerful mucilage.

There are two kinds of guava-tree (Spanish guayabo, Psidium) in Puerto Rico, known as the red and white guava; they grow luxuriantly from the lowlands to the mountain-tops, and when their white flowers are in blossom they send off a delightful fragrance. No attempt is made at systematic culture of this tree, whose fruit is so universally used to produce the fine guava jelly of commerce. Its culture in orchards will be found very remunerative, especially if, in connection, an establish-

IN THE VANDERBILT GALLERY.


TRANSVERSE SECTION OF MODEL ROOM
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB COMPETITION
SCALE OF ONE QUARTER INCH TO THE FOOT
LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF MODEL ROOM
CLUB-HOUSE N·Y·Y·C

PLANS FOR THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Whitney Warren, Charles D. Wetmore, Architects.

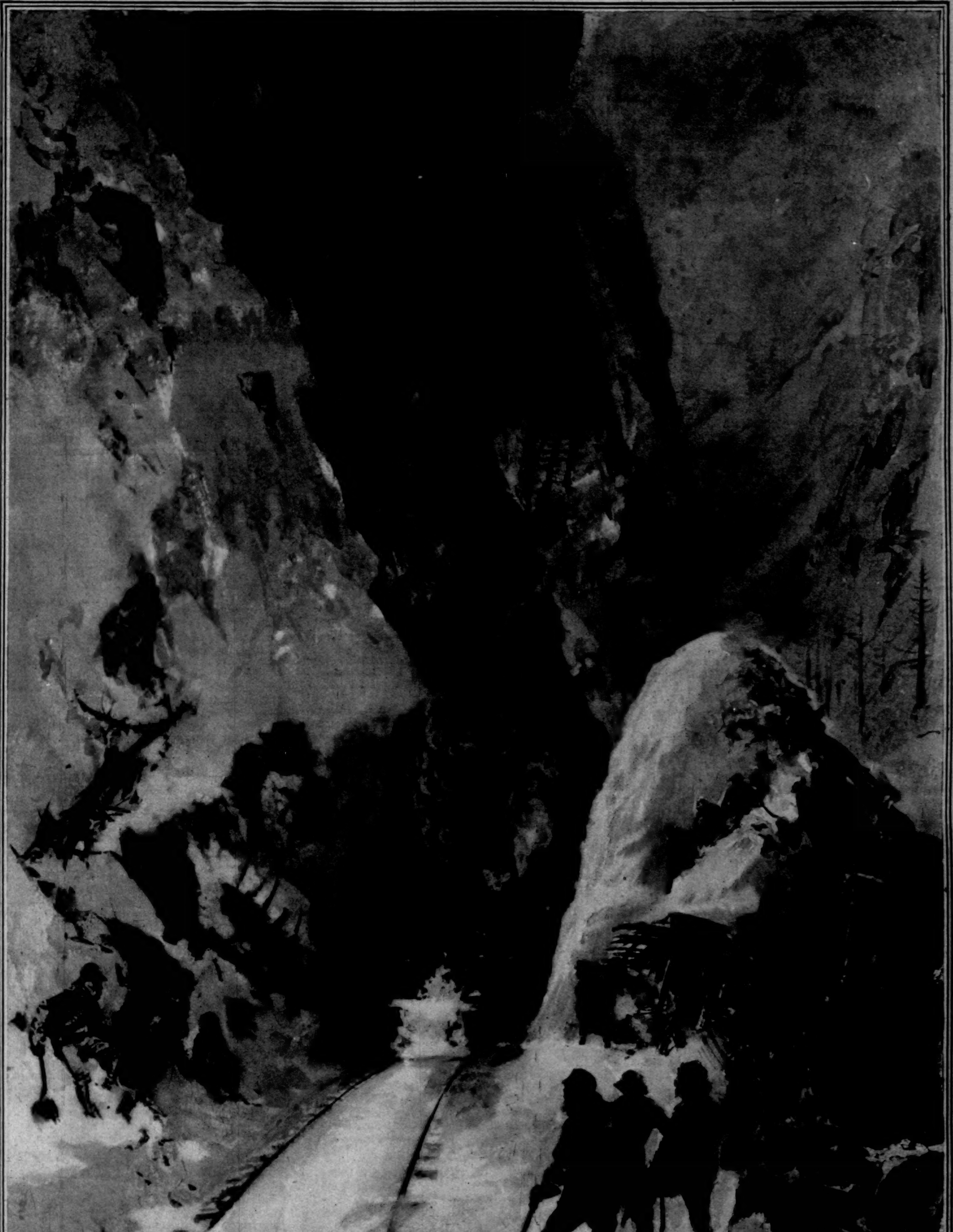


A CORNER IN THE EAST GALLERY.

DOORWAY LEADING FROM ENTRANCE GALLERY.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

[See Page 220]



COLORADO—A SNOW-SLIDE BLOCKADE IN GRAND RIVER CAÑON—THE FIRST TRAIN EAST.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 221.]

ment for jelly-making is considered. It is possible to make delicious jellies and pastes from the fruit, but the average product from the hands of ignorant natives is dark-colored, sometimes burned, and doubtful as to its cleanliness. An American embarking in business on the line of preserve and jelly making will find half a dozen other fruits which are available for this purpose, such as the tamarind, pomegranate, grosella, Indian plums, oranges, etc.

Pomegranates grow to a very perfect maturity, and the fruit is finer in the mountain regions of the island than in any portion of the subtropical mainland. It is not raised extensively, and there is little demand for it in the local markets. It offers, however, a factor in fruit-raising for foreign markets, as it can be readily transported.

The grosella is a small, irregular-shaped, yellow fruit, about as large as a cherry, subacid in taste, and it makes a beautiful transparent jelly. It is never seen except in private gardens, where it is raised without difficulty.

The date-palm, while not indigenous to the West Indies, grows to magnificent proportions, and is a prolific bearer of fruit. Its culture has never been attempted for commercial ends in Puerto Rico, and one sees only now and then some magnificent specimen in the yards or picturesque gardens of the great sugar-planters.

Figs grow readily and well, but for some inexplicable reason they are not raised on the island in sufficient quantities ever to appear in the markets. The few trees which the writer has seen were literally loaded down with the juicy pear-shaped pendants.

The tamarind is little grown, but reaches a high degree of perfection with little care. The jellies and conserves which can be readily made from its fruit will cause it to impress favorably future fruit-growers.

An odd growth in Puerto Rico is the pawpaw-tree (papaya or lacheza), which grows all over the West Indies. Under the low crown of its large leaves, which are often a yard in length, clings the green fruit in bunches like squashes, packed closely around the trunk of the tree. These are filled with small black pungent seeds, and the inner rind, which is eaten either raw or cooked, tastes much like a muskmelon of fine flavor, though the meat itself is rather gummy. The fruit is used medicinally for indigestion and gastric troubles, and possesses marked predigestive powers; the seeds are also used for the expulsion of tape-worms.

The sugar-apples or carrosones, are interesting, as they look like small inverted Swiss cheeses hanging from the trees. They are white and sweet inside, and very palatable.

The mayamas, or mamie, is a tree which looks much like a small magnolia, with the same leathery leaves, having a waxlike polish, and bears a bright yellow fruit about as large as an apple. A taste for it must be acquired, as it has a suggestion of acridity not generally pleasing.

The fruit of the granadilla, a species of passion-flower, is often eaten, and has a very delightful flavor and aroma.

There are many other fruit trees which grow almost spontaneously, and whose products are relished by the natives, but industrially they hardly come within the category of the fruits for foreign export, and the writer has omitted them, feeling that this work has for its purpose the pointing out of possible business opportunities for Americans.

Among the edible products called fruits are the bread-fruit and bread-nuts, which are used in large quantities by the natives. The first-named had its original home in the islands of the Pacific, and is known as fruta del pan (*Artocarpus incisa*). The trees grow very large, with wide-spreading branches, and trunks bare sometimes fifty feet from the ground. The leaves are huge, with rough outlines, and the fruit, which hangs on the outer limbs, looks much like a giant Osage orange as large as one's head. The ovoid fruit is picked green, the outer skin and rind pared away from the white cellular centre, which is baked in a hot oven or smothered in the ashes of the fireplace. When done, it looks somewhat like a browned loaf of bread, and, while extremely wholesome and palatable, it has not a wheaten flavor, but rather one similar to that of baked plantain.

The bread-nut is indigenous, and, to the untrained eye, is identical in outside appearance with the bread-fruit; its interior construction, however, differs, in that it contains a great mass of closely packed nuts, like large chestnuts, which are not edible raw, but are very fine when boiled or baked for half an hour. They would catch the fancy of the American public, and would find as ready a sale on the streets as roasted chestnuts.

VEGETABLES, EDIBLE ROOTS, AND SEEDS.

The list of vegetables, if enumerated separately, would probably exceed that of the fruits; and market-gardening on the island will doubtless be profitable locally to the skilled gardener, as well as offering possibilities for supplying the northern marts.

Sweet-potatoes and yams reach a remarkable degree of perfection, with but the slightest amount of care in cultivation, and next to the platano, or plantain, form the chief diet of the natives, who grow small patches for family consumption everywhere on the sides of the steep mountains, and in other places where the lands are not considered available for money-making crops. There are many varieties, but no more than four are commonly used—two sweet and orange in color, and two white when cooked, and near to the Irish potato in taste. The great poisonous yams, with tubers thirty pounds in weight, which require careful cooking to dissipate the acrid juices, are seldom raised. The Irish potato is raised, but it is said that it does not do well on account of the excessive moisture. Still, the Irish potato which finds its way to the town markets, and which is grown on the high hill-sides where the drainage is perfect, is as fine a specimen as we grow in the United States. In view of the immense yield of the sweet tubers which may be obtained within a given area, these crops should be money-makers, provided cheap transportation may be had.

Among other roots used for food are manioc, yuca, or cassava, and the yautia, tannia, or malanga. The former is well known to most readers as the bread of primitive tropical tribes. There are two kinds, sweet and sour, one being palatable even when raw, and the other filled with the deadly hydrocyanic acid, which is removed by pressure and heat before it may be eaten. The cassava is not used to any extent in Puerto Rico; the other root, however, known commonly as yautia, is much cultivated by the peasantry, and held in high esteem, being always on sale in the markets. The plant is like a big lily, with large spreading leaves, not raised much above the ground, and the tuberlike roots, which weigh from three to ten pounds, are particularly fine when carefully baked. The yautia and cassava both yield starch and starchy foods. From the yautia roots considerable starch is made in the town of Rio Grande, in the northern part of the island, and is sold principally for laundry purposes; the cassava yields the tapioca so generally imported from tropical countries, and in this direction alone cassava-raising would yield a fair revenue to the cultivator.

Gedianda, a small bushy weed bearing a narrow pod some four inches long, filled with little disk-shaped beans, is a curious plant, in that these seeds are largely used by the peasant population in this coffee-growing country in making a substitute for this beverage. The bean is said to have great medicinal virtue, and allays inflammation of the membranes of the stomach. The writer can testify that it produces a very potable beverage. If there must be a substitute for coffee, a decoction from this little bean is much to be preferred to chiccory, and would, perhaps, in a commercial way, meet with greater favor than the frightful stuff sold in small tin cans in some of our backwoods regions as coffee essence.

It may be safely said that any vegetable not requiring an extra dry soil and cold climate may be well and successfully grown on the island. The foot-hills of the southeastern portion of the island, where rain sometimes does not fall for weeks, are remarkably well adapted to the raising of vegetables of temperate climes, and under the strong suns and in the rich soils the yields will far exceed those of the United States.

The vegetables which are grown everywhere now as common articles of diet may be partially summed up as follows: yams, sweet-potatoes, Irish potatoes, yautias, cassava, celery, carrots, turnips, egg-plants, beets, radishes, okra, beans of many varieties, pease, tomatoes, cabbage, ginger, sweet and pungent peppers, pumpkins, cantaloupes, watermelons, and squashes.

Spice-raising can be carried on with great success in the climate of the island, though so far but little attention has been paid to it beyond the growing of a limited amount of pimento. Black pepper, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, ginger, and cloves may all find a fruitful home, and their careful culture is an enterprise well worthy of consideration. It is said that the vanilla bean would find the soil congenial, but this is doubtful.

There is an immense range of medicinal trees, shrubs, and herbs, which now grow wild in the forests, and are gathered by the women and children, sometimes sold to the pharmacists, but oftener hung upon the walls of the native huts, to be administered by the old women versed in plant-lore to their own sick ones. The average observing native has usually accumulated, by experience, a large fund of information concerning the plant life of his hill-sides, where he is constantly searching for some possible utilitarian value to be found in every living thing.

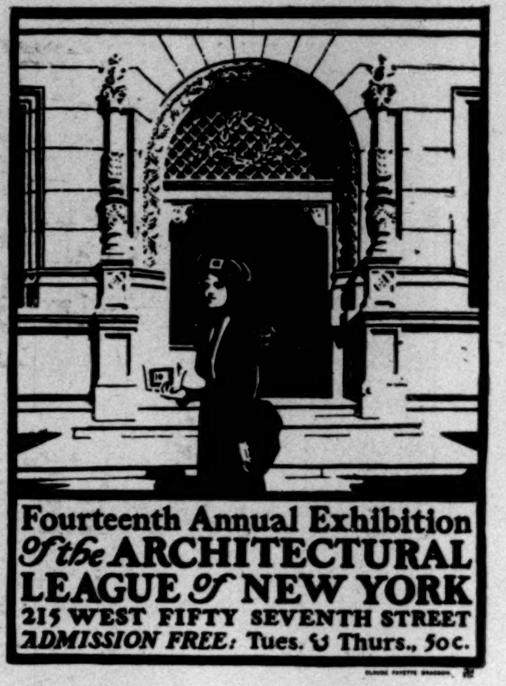
As a generalization it may be said that in this tropical climate, which varies considerably from the low sea-coast to the mountain heights, and in the rich and fertile limestone soils, almost every form of plant life which does not demand cold weather or an arid earth will spring to luxuriant maturity and fructify in a way to gladden the heart of every agriculturist. Americans who have toiled early and late upon their little farms, against adversities of cold and leaden skies of spring, dry and blistering heats of summer, freezing blizzards of winter, and, worst of all, glutted markets, will find Puerto Rico a land flowing with milk and honey, where, even if they do not amass a fortune, they may be sure that financial ends will meet, and that they cannot starve.

There are many dye woods and plants on the island, the chief among them being the Brazil-wood (*Cæsalpinia, echinata*) in limited quantities; fustic (Spanish fustoc, *Maclura tinctoria*), of the nettle family, which furnishes a yellow dye from its wood; divi-divi (*Cæsalpinia coriaria*), a small tree, from whose bark and long curved pods is extracted a reddish-brown dye; mora (Indian mulberry, *Morinda citrifolia*), which belongs to the madder family; indigo, a shrub of the family Indigofera, whose leaves and berries furnish the well-known bluing. It should be remarked that indigo is easily raised, and that considerable profit accrues from the industry, but in Puerto Rico it has hardly risen to the point where it might be dignified by the term industry. There also grows on the island a bastard indigo, which can be made to produce a small quantity of dye. Annotto (Spanish achoti, *Bixa orellana*) grows wild over the entire island, and its small symmetrical foliage, crowned by the gorgeous fuzzy red and yellow pods, like chinkapins, may be seen by the hundred in every fence-row. It is from these soft burrs, filled with tiny seeds, that the fugitive yellow dye known as annotto, and used for butter and cheese coloring, is extracted. On the island it is used to a limited extent for coloring foods fried in oil, and a few people have gathered the seeds for export. The gathering of this crop would add many dollars to the pockets of small farmers, and if a mordant might be found to fix the beautiful yellow in fabrics, it would at once become a really valuable article.

Many of the dye plants are easily cultivated, and the business might be profitable if entered upon systematically, but so far little enterprise has been shown by the native population in this direction.

A number of gums and resins are exuded from indigenous trees and plants, and small quantities are gathered by the peasants and sold to the pharmacists. The more prominent are guaiac gum from the lignum-vitæ tree, the gum from the seeds and leaves of the Indian-shot (Spanish copey) tree, and balsam of copaiba from the plants of the genus Copaifera; there is also the algarroba, which exudes a gum known as catechu, used for dyeing and tanning, and the cashew (Spanish pajuil), from whose acrid fruit is obtained a gum which may be used as varnish.

It is impossible to devote much space to setting forth the innumerable flowering plants, bedazzling foliage plants, which are such freaks of nature that one almost pronounces them artificial, and the sweet shrubs and trees which exhale from their leaves and bark penetrating perfumes. Puerto Rico is a land of orchids, of flower forms which make one gasp in wonder, of painted leaves which vie with the daring colors of the flowers themselves, and of an atmosphere where one breathes not the dew of morning off new-mown hay, but redolent, languorous ether distilled by the mystic alchemy of nature.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CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

POSTER FOR THE EXHIBITION, DESIGNED BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON.

The Architectural League Exhibition

As men are, so they build. We admit the truth of this in the buildings of antiquity, but forget it in contemporary ones. The Parthenon, for example, embodies the genius of Attica at its zenith; the Pantheon, what was noblest in the spirit of Rome; the Strozzi Palace in Florence, the mingled culture and lawlessness of her princes; the Gothic cathedral, the restlessness and romanticism of the Northern races, and so on. They are all types of what was grandest, sometimes of what was base, in the national character. In the whirl of the present, however, men lose sight of the forces slowly, silently, always working. One building seems to them to be merely the caprice of A, another only the result of the needs of B, and they forget that while this may be true, the multiple of the individual unit, the aggregate of these needs and aspirations—in a word, the city—must be representative of the average character of the community. The really intelligent foreigner, arriving, for example, in New York to study it, will not confine his investigations to the salons and the slums, to the interiors of clubs, stores, banks, and residences, or peer into the faces of the people and listen to their talk. The impressions thus obtained will be snatchy and half true at the best, and a heterogeneous mass of individual traits. If, as a stranger, he seeks a net statement of the civilization of this city, he will find it writ large and in language which there is no gainsaying, on the architecture of the city, in the laying out of the streets and squares and parks, and in the manner in which they are kept. If only the citizens realized this, they would be more jealous of the city's fair name, less tolerant of anything which gives the lie to that seeking after a higher civilization which is so strong a force hidden at the back of our civic life. They would feel that this external expression of themselves in marble, stone, and brick was something to which it behooved them to give a thought, that the expression might be of their best, and not of their less good or worst. In a word, an intelligent public opinion would grow, and in time gather enough coherence and force to make itself felt in civic architecture. For, after all, the solution of this problem rests with the public. The architects, sculptors, and painters are, as it were, human semaphores. They mark the road and regulate the travel; but it is the public which must be the travellers on this road of progress. When, in place of a few people of taste, isolated in the privacy of their own surroundings, feebly lifting their hands in horror of the enormities which they have no power or will to prevent, large numbers of intelligent people get into line and move forward with the impressiveness, for example, of a sound-money parade, they will carry the day. Our cities will begin to show a nobility and beauty befitting the natural advantages of their sites, and expressive of what is noble and beautiful in American life.

This gradual formation of a sound-taste league and of a body of opinion that will bestir itself on behalf of civic improvement is being helped on by the annual exhibitions of the Architectural League of New York, and by exhibitions of architectural work in other cities. The League differs from other organizations in the comprehensiveness of its platform. Recognizing that the most brilliant periods of art have been those in which there was the closest union between the arts of design, it includes in its membership sculptors and painters as well as architects. It has thus shown itself to be ahead of its times in its determination to bridge over the gulf which separated the layman from the artist. Its faith in the public is being gradually justified, and each succeeding exhibition draws to it an increasing amount of public interest. The attendance is always far beyond that at any other art exhibition in the city. The cynic may attribute this to the fact that on four days of the week there is no charge for admission. But the cynic never sees farther than his own nose. New York is not so deadly dull that tens of thousands will visit a show simply because it is free. Interest in the thing itself must attract large numbers of the visitors, and a growing conviction that these exhibitions have some intimate relation to their own lives.

Since so many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will not have the opportunity of seeing this exhibition, it seems better worth while to pass over its details and dwell upon some of the principles involved. Foremost amongst the problems which are presented to the modern American architect is that of the tall office-building. The interest of this problem exists in the fact that it is a new one, the product of local conditions, an expression of peculiarly American characteristics. American enterprise has demanded these buildings, and our architects are seeking to clothe them with beauty. Let us frankly admit the advisability of some legislative restriction upon their height; but even then high buildings they will remain, higher than anything of the kind in the Old World. They are in response to the tendencies of our commercial life—syndication of capital and labor, the growth of population in cities, and the consequent height of ground values. They have been made possible by the invention of the "steel-cage" method of construction and by that of the high-speed elevator. These are facts which it is futile to lament, foolish to ignore. The truly artistic mind faces them with enthusiasm. It sees in these colossal structures an embodiment of the soaring endeavor and regulated audacity which are special qualities of American character. The outward appearance is often uncouth, like that of an overgrown schoolboy; but to the eye of an artist big enough to comprehend its possibilities it has the elements of a magnificent manhood. Now you cannot take a fine specimen of American young-manhood and develop him along the lines of American needs and aspirations by reading into his very decided individuality Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son—a young product of an entirely different period and environment. Yet this is the way in which many architects are trying to improve the outward demeanor of our tall office-buildings, giving them a veneer of Renaissance sentiment or modern French polish. One does not ask them to ignore the great works of the past and of other countries, but to digest the principles which made them great, and readapt them to the new conditions, instead of borrowing the actual forms in which the principles were elsewhere embodied and sticking them upon the faces of buildings entirely different in character and purpose. Principles are fundamental and perennial, continually expressing themselves in forms varying to fit the special functions. This is nature's plan—witness the shape of our limbs, of the wings of birds, of the roots, stem, and branches of the trees, each species varying to conform to the internal functions and the external environment. And the new functions subserved by the modern office-building must receive corresponding newness of outward shape, or the latter will not express that harmony in which nature, and art in imitation of it, delight. Briefly the functions comprise a basement for the heating, lighting, ventilating, and elevator plant; a ground-floor devoted to large stores or bank offices; a second floor of special offices; over them tier upon tier of offices exactly similar in purpose and kind, multiples of one unit cell, and above all a top story in which the machinery of the building makes its grand turn. The prevailing characteristic is height, firmly planted, soaring freely, and definitely concluded. The question is being asked, "Shall we ever have an indigenous style of architecture in America?" Following our line of thought, the answer must surely be affirmative. We have indigenous needs, have invented an indigenous method of construction, and the evolution of an indigenous style to express and conform to these would seem to be only a question of artistic loyalty to the new possibilities. It is worth while to mention the attitude of French critics who have visited America. What has stirred their imagination has been this problem of the tall office-building. They have caught the enthusiasm of its immense possibilities, and expressed their envy of a nation which had such an artistic problem to solve. Some of our architects are equally enthusiastic, and they are the ones who are getting towards a solution.

Searching through the present League exhibition for examples which have an individual character and seem to strike the American note, one particularly remembers an office-building (No. 750) by Bruce Price; the design for the Public Library at Jersey City (No. 727) by Brite & Bacon; and a country residence (No. 752) by Henry Rutgers Marshall. One of the writers in the T Square Club of Philadelphia's recent symposium says that "architecture, as it is now generally practised, is feudal and monarchical." (He was arguing that ours ought to express the democratic principle.) There is a curious illustration of this in Mr. Price's design. The site admitting of a structure with four faces visible, he has projected an immense towerlike structure, nobly proportioned and elevated in expression. At one point, however, he has introduced *machicolations*, those overhanging arched cornices through which the garrison used to pour down missiles upon the besiegers. Their introduction here appears to be an irrelevant affectation, marring the sobriety and uniform feeling of the whole mass. Very enjoyable for the quiet dignity of ensemble are the designs of Messrs. Brite & Bacon and Mr. Marshall, for the beautiful relation of the parts to the mass, and the choice feeling displayed in the details.

The large model by the Perth Amboy Terra-Cotta Company should be studied. The problem they are trying to solve is that of external color as applied to buildings, and it is one which is engaging many minds in different parts of the country. The special feature of this company's treatment is that the color is sprayed upon the clay (with stencil-plates if it is desired to confine it to certain forms) before the final baking. The color is thus imperishably incorporated into the material, which, by-the-way, being impervious to fire, is becoming more and more used in commercial structures.

It is pleasant to see that by better arrangement in this year's exhibition more prominence has been given to the examples of industrial art, a large proportion of which will repay careful attention. A separate word of admiration is due to the embroidery and lace-work of the Decorative Art Society, so choice in color and exquisite in feeling and craftsmanship; to an electric-light bracket (No. 409) by Howard E. Watkins, of the Oxley & Enos Manufacturing Company; to a grille (No. 422) by the Hecla Iron Works; and to the examples of Grueby faience. Modern interpretations of old leather-work are shown by C. R. Yandell; and a set of panels by T. William Fosdick are excellent examples of the value of the "burnt-wood" process for purposes of decoration when used with matured artistic perception of its possibilities and limitations.

In the gallery devoted to the colorists there is much to repay study, but little that calls for special mention. The most important exhibit is a portion of the frieze which Kenyon Cox is painting for the new Appellate Court. It scarcely represents him at his best; but it were fairer to suspend judgment until it can be viewed in its position. There are some charming records in black and white of a ceiling that Edwin H. Blashfield has recently completed for a private house in Philadelphia; and a suggestion for a frieze, "The Coursing of the Hart," by Robert V. V. Sewell, which promises to work out even more successfully than his "Canterbury Pilgrims," for there is a pleasing lilt of movement flowing through it. The same painter shows two circular panels, and his wife a large rectangular one, which are "off the track" of mural painting; perhaps intentionally so, for Mr. and Mrs. Sewell have firm theories, and work up to them. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

LONDON

February 11, 1899.

THE meeting of Parliament has brought many interesting people to London, but the debate on the Address raised not a ripple on the political mill-pond. In the House of Peers, Lord Salisbury announced nothing new, although on Chinese affairs he displayed what Dr. Johnson would have dubbed "Sheer ignorance, sir." The Prime Minister spoke of "the governing power of China" as though there were at Peking a governing power capable of making itself felt and enforcing obedience to its decrees in the provinces He speaks of the Chinese government as "a going concern"—an assumption that will be demolished even in the official mind before many months are passed. The Duke of Bedford, in the red uniform of the lord lieutenant of an English county, speaking from the red benches of the Upper House, made an excellent impression, and drew from the Prime Minister one of his rare eulogies for "the great grasp of affairs and the singular literary merit of structure" with which the speech was adorned. Russells and Cecils have been political antagonists for centuries, and there was something of more than passing interest in the public declaration of political agreement between the heads of the two great Whig and Tory houses. The scarcity of peers on the Opposition side of the House of Lords was the visible sign of danger which awaits England in the future. Hitherto the great governing families have been pretty equally divided between the two parties. In the certainty that the swing of the pendulum will, sooner or later, carry the democratic and Radical party into power, it is ominous for peace and good order that practically the whole of English society is now ranged on the side of property and privilege, and is identified politically with the Conservative party. Bereft of all, or nearly all, the hereditary and wealthy governing families, the Radical party of the future will be like a great marine engine without the moderating influence of a governor. The screw will "race" next time the Radicals have charge of the ship.

In the House of Commons the opening of Parliament was characterized by a liberal allowance of make-believe. As Mr. Balfour entered from behind the Speaker's chair, well groomed, diffusing refinement and fragrant with charm, beaming with smiles, with a pleasant glance or a nod equally distributed between friends and nominal foes, the onlooker could scarcely fail to note the unreality of existing party divisions, or to contrast the feline amenities of the House of Commons with the fierce and virile passions that rend society in other countries. This phase of the situation was emphasized by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech. As leader of the Opposition, he did not attack. He played at attack. The button was on his foil. He had announced himself, only the day before, as before all "a son of the House of Commons." He had to make a speech nominally in opposition to the government, and in very good style it was delivered, but everybody present was aware that the performance was part of a mere game, and that the real interest in politics at the present time is not focalized on principles or policy, but on the personal elements of the situation. In the newspapers one reads about the government's conduct in China and Crete, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's faith in home rule for Ireland, and in the future government of the Sudan. These are not the things that are being talked of behind the scenes. There is no serious interest taken in any of these topics. The real fact is that the government suffers from debility; it has outgrown its strength. Lord Kitchener's successes and Fashoda temporarily tend to obscure the truth, and Fashoda was a national, not an executive, triumph. Things might go hard with ministers if the Opposition had any grit. It is interesting to know that in the opinion of ministers themselves the Hooley disclosures have injured her Majesty's government. The proffered payment of £10,000 by the prince of company-mongers to the electioneering fund of the Carlton Club has seriously compromised two cabinet ministers. Their lack of judgment and the subsequent publicity given to Hooley's attempt to buy a baronetcy have given deep offence to the serious members of the Unionist party. Other ministers, among whom are Lord Cross and Mr. Goschen, are aging fast. The latter feels his work at the Admiralty, and is not unlikely to seek in the House of Lords a haven of rest.

THE references to America, in the course of the debate on the Address, by the Duke of Bedford, Sir C. Dilke, and Mr. Brodrick were interesting and significant. The strength of English affection for America, now as always, is to be found in the middle and working classes. Society—that is, the smart, iridescent scum on the surface of the community—is not addicted to gushing about anything political, and it certainly does not gush about an American alliance. The feeling of many minds in this class is one of expectation that the warm fit which to-day ameliorates Anglo-American relations will be succeeded, when occasion arises, by another Venezuelan rigor. I strongly hold the opinion that President Cleveland's Venezuelan message was one of the best things that in recent years has happened to Great Britain. It forced English statesmen to think for themselves, instead of letting matters drift insolently in the hands of Foreign Office functionaries, and thus Mr. Cleveland paved the way for the good understanding now existing. This, however, is not the view of some at least of the great governing families. They regarded the Venezuelan message as an expression of secular antipathy to the Anglo-Saxon race, and believed that in penning it the late President made himself the mouth-piece of the foreign anti-English majority in the States. In the Duke of Bedford's speech on the Address, the reference to the responsibility undertaken by the United States in the Philippine Islands was not accompanied by a word of sympathy or recognition of the White Man's Burden being lifted by a friendly power. Sir Charles Dilke was gloomy about the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. English correspondents who wish the American people to understand facts as they are, and not merely the outer husks of facts, are bound to take note of these things, as well as to record festivals and describe public meetings in favor of the alliance. One thing, however, I can announce with certainty: The American squadron, when it arrives in these waters, will receive an extraordinary welcome, and that this welcome will come from the heart of the rank and file.

CHURCH differences, which the bishops are making frantic efforts to subdue, are regarded seriously by ministers. Lord Salisbury, I understand, considers that the storm raised by Mr. Kensit and Sir William Harcourt, about the Romanizing tendencies in the Church of England, will rage for three or four years, and will then subside as the home-rule question has subsided. In the House of Commons the question is being raised on an amendment to the Address, by Mr. Samuel Smith, a highly respected Liberal member, whose power of advocacy, however, is impaired by the number of excellent causes to which he devotes himself. Mr. Smith, like Burke, preaches only too often to empty benches, but on the present occasion his attack on the bishops kept the House together. "Please God, Master Ridley," said Latimer on the occasion of their martyrdom, "we shall light such a candle as shall never be put out." Mr. Samuel Smith and a very powerful section of English opinion think that the candle lighted by Ridley and Latimer is being extinguished by the bench of bishops. Feeling is so strong that the Eucharist, Apostolic Succession, and the elevation of the Host are topics discussed at worldly dinner tables with a zest that is wholly new and somewhat surprising.

IN the theatrical world there is little to report. The reign of the problem play is nearly over, and although the influence of Ibsen continues to shed its power over the majority of aspirants to dramatic honors, there is perceptible and satisfactory loss of interest in unwholesome personages and unsavory incidents. "Grierson's Way," a drama in four acts, brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, might have been a conspicuous success a few years ago. Saturated with the spirit of Dr. Ibsen, the drama, which was an unhealthy variant of the popular ballad "Old Robin Gray," was none too warmly received. The art of the actors went a long way to conceal the artificiality and unwholesomeness of the characters. No more vivid contrast could be found than between "Grierson's Way" and Robertson's "Ours," which is about to be revived at the Globe Theatre. The military uniforms and the civilian dresses will be of the time of the Crimean war, 1853–4. The crinoline seems extremely popular on the stage, and, since "Trelawny of the Wells," managers have lost no opportunity of introducing the hoops of our mothers.

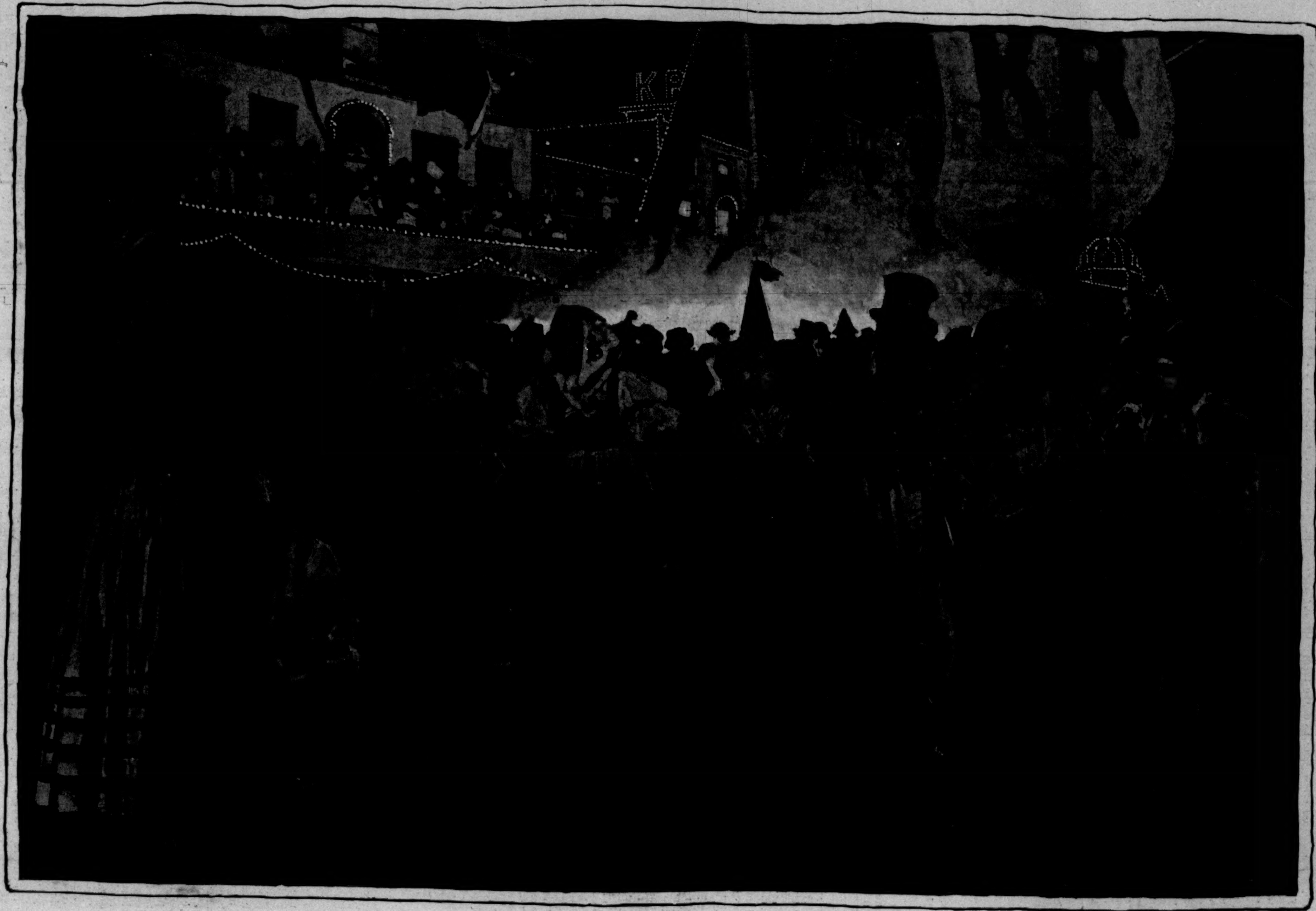
I am sorry to hear that Mr. Taber, the clever young American actor, who made a great impression in "Peter the Great," is unwell. Sir Henry Irving, after his long illness, will shortly return to the Lyceum with the play by M. Sardou. The actors of to-day are ahead of the dramatists, who seem to be affected by the prevailing blight of mediocrity and sterility of imagination. Almost all the good plays now staged are revivals or adaptations of good work done in the old times before us. The famine in good and original dramatic art is, however, shared by almost all intellectual departments in England at the present time. The great men of the beginning and middle of the century are either dead or, like Mr. Ruskin, too old to influence their generation, and the young men who are to replace them have not yet made their appearance. Mediocrity in politics, letters, and art is the order of the day. Now that the imagination of Americans has been stirred by large events and brave deeds, we look for great things from the other side of the Atlantic. ARNOLD WHITE.

Snow-slide in the Rockies

THERE has never been a better time to round out one's experience of life in the Rocky Mountains than during the present winter. After having seen the grandeur and beauty of the mountains in summer storms and sunshine many times, it was my good fortune to get into the midst of drifts and "slides" in the heart of the mountains of Colorado, to see the worst of it, and slip through the great snow trap west of Leadville on one of the few trains that succeeded in getting over the range.

There is all the difference in the world between a drift and a "slide." A rotary snow-plough will merrily bore its way through almost any drift, but a "slide" brings down a mass of rocks and trees with it, and these must be removed with axe, pick, and shovel. With the thermometer at 22° below zero, 800 men—engineers, firemen, section-men, and common laborers—worked for five days, sometimes as much as thirty-six hours without sleep, all cheerfully risking their lives in the simple performance of duty—a commonplace courage, but all the more genuine for that—and finally, after losing four or five of their number, cleared the track for five blockaded trains. These passed through in the midst of a howling blizzard, and, after various mishaps, the East-bound trains reached the eastern slope of the mountains. Then came two feet of snow, blizzard after blizzard, and the blockade was once more established. I have endeavored to give in the picture an idea of the overhanging crags and the steepness of the "slides," but after a walk of eleven miles in that deep cañon, constantly watching for fresh slides, any representation of the scene to me looks tame.

W. A. ROGERS.

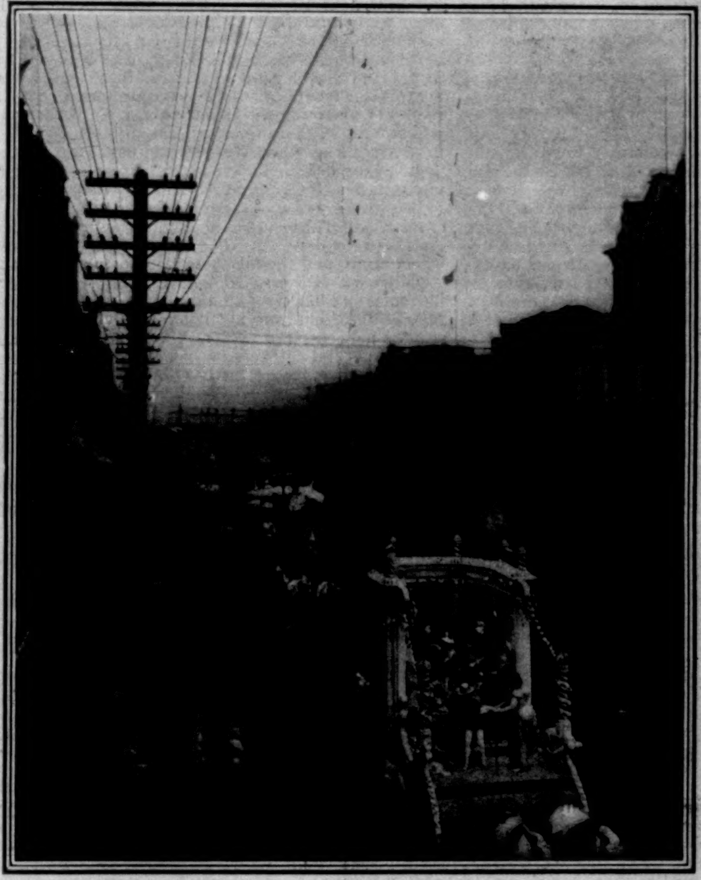


THE MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS—MASKERS ON THE STREET AT NIGHT.

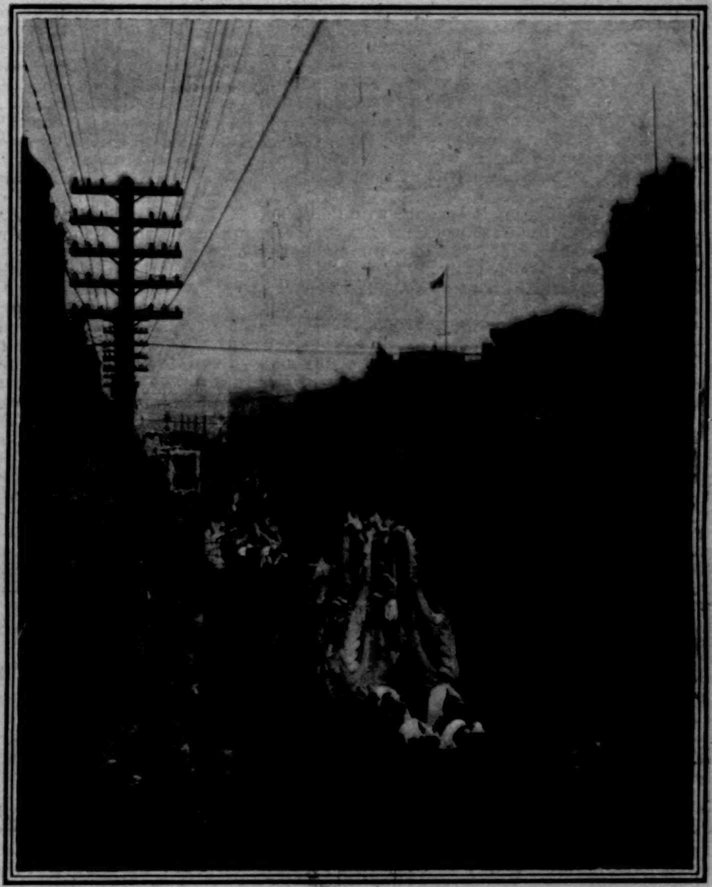
Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

MISS P. L. KILPATRICK, QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL.

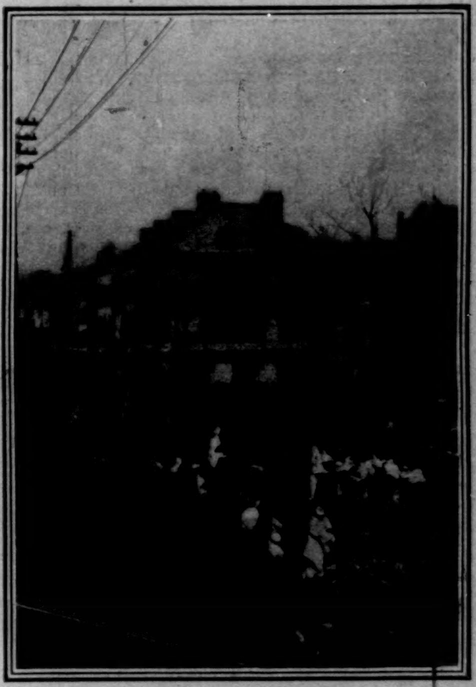


THE PARADE ON CANAL STREET—"LILLIPUTIAN REVELS."



THE PARADE ON CANAL STREET—"SILVER DELL."

THE KING PASSING THROUGH ST. CHARLES STREET IN STATE.



DELIVERING THE KEYS OF THE CITY TO THE KING OF THE CARNIVAL.

NEW ORLEANS—THE MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL CELEBRATION, 1899.

Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 210.]

The Arts and Crafts Movement of To-day

II.—STUMBLING-BLOCKS IN THE WAY—THE MISUSE OF THE WORD "ARTIST"—THE LOW ESTATE OF THE "DESIGNER"

WHEN a man proposes to build a house, he begins by clearing the ground. It is equally necessary to remove the encumbrances which interfere with the establishment of the Arts and Crafts movement. There may be many, but let us give our attention to two—the misuse of the word "artist" and the low estate of the designer.

It may seem waste of time to attack a word; but words are powers. They stand for ideas which influence whole communities. It was the little word "que" that separated the Eastern and Western churches and changed the history of the world. "Artist," in its present loose signification, is applied exclusively to painters. Every young man or woman who has taken lessons in drawing and learnt to "sling paint" is an artist. And yet the word in its primitive sense means an exponent of art—not of the art of painting only, but of any branch of art. In its secondary sense we apply it to any one who has distinguished himself in art. It is a title of honor, such as V. C. in the British army. But what would be the value of that title if every soldier could style *himself* a V. C.? The word "artist" should be the blue ribbon of art, the crowning honor that his fellows and the public bestow upon a worker in art who has established his title to respect and admiration. One of our societies of painters calls itself "The Society of American Artists"—a most unfortunate misnomer. Cannot an architect be an artist? Or a sculptor? Was Benvenuto Cellini less the artist when employed upon jewel-caskets than when working on statues? What about the potter who fashioned the exquisite curves of a Greek vase? Was he not an artist? Surely the creative faculty applied to the expression of beauty is always art, no matter what medium is used; and the worker who excels in any department of art is an artist.

Possibly the mischief began in England with the Royal Academy exhibitions. There the painters "run the whole show." The architects are driven into a little room, the sculptors inadequately provided for, and thousands of feet of wall space are covered with paintings. The publicity which the painters get has concentrated all attention upon themselves, and enabled them to arrogate to their sole use the title of artist. The effect of all this is to confer upon painting a disproportionate amount of dignity. The picture is regarded as the highest expression of art, and, as a consequence, other expressions of art are underrated. This operates both upon art-workers and art-lovers. The former concentrate all their energies upon trying to paint pictures; the others are slow to look for art elsewhere. If any young painter devotes his attention to ornament he has to submit to what is regarded as an inferior title. He is a designer or a decorator, not an artist. His design or decoration may be admitted to be excellent, but still he stands upon a lower rung of the ladder of art than a man who makes an accurate study of a modern model, including all the deformity produced by tight lacing, and calls her a Diana. This prejudice affects the system of art education. Here and there are schools of design doing excellent work. On the other hand, in all our big cities there are art schools manned by able teachers who are devoting themselves to forwarding the cause of art; and yet the results are inadequate, because the students chiefly desire to learn to paint pictures. Thousands of young men and women are forsaking remunerative paths in life to follow this will-o'-the-wisp, which will land numbers of them in a quagmire of poverty and disappointment. It is really appalling to consider the number of pictures which are made every year in Europe and America for which there is no market; and every year adds to the stagnation and terrible waste of human effort. The students at the art schools get all that they demand; the attempt to give them more has been, in one case at least, unsuccessful. The management of one of the leading art schools in this country—the name is suppressed, as the object of these papers is to arouse not annoyance, but reflection—offered its students an opportunity of attending a class in ornament. The advantages should have been obvious. The great chance for the painter in this country lies in mural painting, in which a knowledge of ornament is wellnigh indispensable. However, only a miserable minimum of the whole body of students entered the class, and even this number fell off in a few weeks, and the class had to be abandoned. This would seem to show that we must not blame the art schools. We must restore ornament to the position in which it was held, say, at the time of the Renaissance, when the greatest men applied themselves to it and revelled in its delightful possibilities. Then the student will demand to be taught it, and the art schools everywhere will be able to afford to make it a leading feature of their curriculum.

Now in this point of ornament and design lies the whole gist of the matter. They play a most important part in architecture, sculpture, painting, and in the application of art to industry. Then why are they relegated to an inferior position and so generally ignored? We shall find the answer in this simple fact—that, with few exceptions, ornament is no longer created; it is copied, borrowed, or stolen (whichever you prefer) from the ornament of the past. When a man wishes to apply ornament to a certain object, he turns over the leaves of a book of drawings of old examples or sifts through a pile of photographs and selects what he thinks "will do." Anybody with a little taste and discretion and a knack of drawing can do this; consequently the designer has come to be regarded, as indeed such a one is, inferior to the man who expresses something of his own personality in pictures and sculpture. What should we say of the painter or sculptor who spent all his time in copying from the old masters? During his student days he will be well employed in doing this, but if he continues it throughout his life we rank him as a journeyman; and however well he paints, his copies will always fall short of the originals, and even of what he might accomplish if he tried to create.

Consider for a moment what this copying and recopying of old examples involves. Men do not go straight to the original each time; they copy from a copy. Twice-cooked meat has lost much of its strength and flavor; still more when the cooking process is repeated. A clever cook will make a palatable réchauffé; but there are indifferent cooks. Allusion was made in the previous paper to the beautiful examples of decorated work in the museum at Naples. In the same building you may see an instructive example of how the modern man proceeds and why he fails. Dotted about the rooms are easels at which painters are making copies. Favorite subjects to reproduce are the Pompeiian figures of dancing-girls, floating in the centre of a black panel. You stop to watch one of these painters, and turn from the copy to the original. It is not there! You then, to your surprise, find that he is copying a copy which is pinned upon his easel; after which you are not surprised to find that his copy entirely fails to reproduce what is best in the original. The chief charm of the latter is the transparent green-gray black of the background. Our copyist has substituted opaque lamp-black, and this parody will be copied by designers all over the world. Compare with this system of copying the method pursued by one of our sculptors, Mr. Herbert Adams, in the case of his bronze doors for the Washington Library. Each leaf of the door is divided into panels which contain figures; the panels are surrounded by borders. For these latter he might have hunted up some old design and reproduced it, instead of which he composed his borders with as much care and thought and invention as if they had been figures. He took certain flower forms and combined them with their leaves and stems into a pattern that is as beautiful as one of the best antiques that most men try to copy; and is infinitely more beautiful than those copies, because in every curve of the ornament you can feel the delicate sensibility of the artist, expressing what *he* felt of beauty, instead of trying to reproduce the feeling of some other man. These borders have been pronounced to be better than the figures which they surround. If that is a fact, it is a remarkable demonstration of the truth of our contention, for in the case of the figures Mr. Adams tried to carry out the idea of Mr. Olin Warner, to whom they were originally assigned, but who unfortunately died before he had finished them.

This example of Mr. Adams illustrates admirably the principle underlying the Arts and Crafts movement: that nothing is too insignificant to merit the labor of an artist, and that the true artistic temperament can be exhibited in small as well as big things. A lamp may be as beautiful in itself as a picture. The fact that one man has skill with his brush, and another with his thumb or a bit of wood, does not affect the question of the art produced. It is not in what medium a man works, but how far he has a feeling for beauty and succeeds in expressing it in form or color. The distinction is not of degree, but of kind. Once admit this, and the term "designer" ceases to designate a second-rate man. It becomes the same as composer. A painter composes his picture, a musician his score, and a designer his ornament.

The practical outcome of this is that by removing the slur from the occupation of designer you render it attractive to hundreds of men and women at present leading a precarious existence, and open up to them an avenue towards remunerative employment. As soon as the artistic professions and the public realize that ornament may be made an expression of the artistic feeling, that it merits as much serious original attention as it received at the hands of the artists of old times, then the whole system of copying will be swept away; and men will be commissioned to design. Would this benefit the painters? There are men in New York whose studios are full of pictures they cannot sell. They understand design and enjoy designing. But there is no demand for original work. All that is required is a hash-up of old stuff, and there are plenty of young draughtsmen who will do this as well as it can be done, for $15 a week. And though among the latter there may be many who have the real artistic faculty, capable in time of creating what they feel of beauty, they are doomed for the rest of their lives to grind out copies for this small pittance. Meanwhile the public, which prides itself upon the originality of the American temperament in all other matters, is, in the case of the thousand and one things which admit of ornament, paying for a more or less mutilated reproduction of what was created hundreds of years ago.

Before leaving the question of ornament, it should be stated that the term has been used in its broadest sense, including the use of all objects and materials that produce a decorated effect. In Glasgow, where there has been a great revival in recent years of art in its application to industries, the writer asked the director of the art school whether the study of the human figure took precedence over that of purely decorative work—the latter words being a clumsy attempt to sum up ornament which did not include the human figure. His reply was: "Certainly not. Our students learn to draw. Figure-drawing is one of the incidents of the course; then they learn to use the figure in composition with other forms. There is no distinction here of figure-painters and designers. We are all designers, or trying to be, and are proud of it."

The purpose of these remarks has been to show that before we can hope to see an improvement in the designs of our manufacturers the old-time dignity of the designer must be re-established, which demands that he should cease to copy and learn to create. The fine old crusted dusty objection to this is that the best has been done, and that the forms of ornament and design have been thought out centuries ago. This statement has most plausibility in the case of architecture. Yet in the old library at Venice, admitted to be one of the most beautiful buildings of the world, Sansovino departed in certain particulars from the recognized canons. Moreover, new times beget new needs. Is it conceivable that the Greeks, if they had had to build sky-scrapers, would have used the same mouldings as they did for buildings that extend horizontally? As to the applied arts, however, experience is all against this objection. To quote one example, that which was done by the ancients did not deter Chippendale from creating the new designs in chairs. What he did others may do. The objection, if it were well founded, would be a confession of despair.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

Diary of the Revolt

A GENERAL MASSACRE ORDERED—SKIRMISHES NEAR MANILA—PROGRESS IN THE VISAYAS—ATTEMPT TO BURN MANILA

Wednesday, February 15.—An important officer of the government at Malolos issued an extraordinary order to the leaders of the "territorial militia" and to the "defenders of the Philippines" in the several quarters of Manila and its suburbs. These district leaders were commanded:

First, to have their followers armed and ready for action at eight o'clock in the evening.

Second, to exterminate the army of occupation and all foreign residents, "without compassion."

Third, to liberate prisoners and criminals of all classes, calling them "brothers," arming them, and inviting their aid in the attack upon Americans.

It was arranged that the sharp-shooters of Tondo (the northern quarter, on the bay, where the native fishermen and canoemen live) and of Santa Ana (a suburb just south of the Pasig River) should begin the attack, and their shots should be the signal for the secret militia of Binondo (the business quarter) and Quiapo and Sampaloc (suburbs north of the Pasig) "to go out into the street and do their duty"; while the conspirators of the Santa Cruz quarter, of San Miguel (the fashionable residence quarter), of Paco (a suburb southeast of the city), and of Ermita and Malate (on the bay, south of the city) should not start out until midnight, unless they saw that their companions needed assistance. The secret militia of Tondo were to be held in reserve until three o'clock in the morning, when, it was thought, they could finish the butchery. The order by its wording condemned "all other individuals [not Filipinos], of whatever race they may be"; but as there are forty or fifty thousand pure-blooded Chinese in Manila, it may be assumed that the prospect of finishing off all of these in a single night did not especially appeal to the conspirators. In fact, the issue was narrowed in the last paragraph of the order, in which "war without quarter" was enjoined against "the false Americans who have deceived us."

Stringent measures were taken to prevent an uprising of the natives. One hundred and fifty persons, supposed to be conspirators, were arrested by the troops of the First Oregon and Thirteenth Minnesota Infantry, and the city guards were doubled. The ringleaders were evidently discouraged, and the massacre was postponed.

Thursday, February 16.—As a result of the forward movement of our troops on the north, east, and south of Manila, the front was about twenty-five miles long. It seemed unnecessary to extend the lines beyond the semicircle of natural defences in the neighborhood of the city, and unwise to advance further towards the interior of the island before the arrival of re-enforcements. Instead of following up the Filipinos below Pateros, after the attack mentioned in the Diary last week, our regiments were withdrawn to their former positions along the Pasig River, and meantime it was reported that the natives were assembling in considerable force near the southeastern outposts, as though to divert attention from the Caloocan district.

Mistaking the withdrawal for a retreat, the Filipinos made three separate attacks between 6.30 and 11.30 A.M. upon the position held by General King's brigade, "coming over the open fields with shouts for the Filipino republic." They did not succeed in inflicting any injury with their rifles, but twenty-two Americans were overcome by the heat during the morning engagements. Firing was renewed at night, and five members of the First Washington Infantry were wounded.

At Ilo Ilo the American authorities, according to the latest information, had assumed full control of the port, clearing vessels from there, etc.

Friday, February 17.—Midway between Pateros and Caloocan an engagement took place, in which eight Filipinos were killed, and an equal number of Americans (including two officers) were wounded. The guard of the Nebraska regiment, near the water-works, was attacked by Filipinos, whose efforts to conceal their purpose seem rather grotesque—for the attacking party wore civilian dress, carried white flags, and hid in a bamboo thicket. Four companies were sent to re-enforce the guard, and the natives were driven off in the direction of Caloocan.

The products of the rich soil of Luzon being no longer sent to Manila, the citizens were forced to rely upon supplies of provisions imported from China and Australia. Meat was selling at one dollar a pound, and eggs at ten cents apiece.

Sunday, February 19.—Four companies of the California regiment and two companies of the Idaho regiment were withdrawn from the village of Guadalupe and stationed at San Pedro Macati, by orders from the commanding general. The Filipinos followed this movement as though it had been a retreat, using artillery for the first time since February 5, but unskilfully. They remained near the town, and kept up an annoying fire with rifles during the night.

The gunboat *Helena* arrived at Manila from the United States. The other light-draught gunboats on the way to strengthen Dewey's fleet are the *Castine*, *Princeton*, *Bennington*, and *Yorktown*. It is expected that four troop-ships, with more than 5000 regulars, will reach Manila in March.

The troop-ship *Sheridan*, carrying the Twelfth Infantry and one battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry, left New York for Manila at three o'clock. In addition to the fighting-men, there were forty-four ladies and several children on board. It was estimated that General Otis's force of regulars would number about 13,000 on the arrival of this expedition.

The situation at Ilo Ilo was summarized in General Miller's report to General Otis. General Miller stated, in effect, that he could maintain his position with the force at hand, and that business in the city was being resumed; the troops of Filipinos a few miles out from Ilo Ilo were "believed to be disintegrating," and American protection was requested by certain officials of the neighboring island of Negros, where our flag had been raised voluntarily by the inhabitants; and the outlook was very encouraging in Negros and Cebu. (The island of Cebu lies directly east of Negros. The city of Cebu is built on the site of the first

Spanish settlement in the Philippines, and from 1565 to 1571 it was the capital of the colony. Panay, Negros, and Cebu are the most important islands of the Visayas, the central Philippine group.) General Miller continues to hold Jaro and Molo, near Ilo Ilo. A force of 2000 natives, armed with the knives called *bolos*, was in that neighborhood, and skirmishes occurred at night.

Monday, February 20. — The Filipinos near San Pedro Macati were dispersed, two companies of the First California Infantry driving out those who held the ravines between Guadalupe and San Pedro Macati, Captain Scott's battery of the Sixth Artillery shelling the Guadalupe church, which was garrisoned by a considerable body of natives, and the First Washington Infantry routing a large force on the bank of the Pasig opposite the town. Two of our men were killed, and two wounded; the Filipinos lost about fifty.

Wednesday, February 22.—Four commissioners from the island of Negros had an interview with the commanding general at Manila. On behalf of the inhabitants of Negros, they expressed their desire to accept any proposition the Americans might offer, and stated that Aguinaldo's adherents had been driven from the island. General Otis assured them that an acceptable government would be provided. Señor Lacson, chief of the commission and president of the provisional government of the island, offered to raise an army of Visayans to aid the Americans in their conflict with the Tagalos of Luzon.

A salute was fired in honor of Washington's birthday by the guns on the walls of Manila and those of Admiral Dewey's fleet.

In an encounter between the First Nebraska Infantry and a force of 300 Filipinos the latter were driven three miles, to the town of Pasig, with heavy loss. Three Nebraskans were wounded.

The conspiracy to massacre Americans in Manila, which was checked on the 15th inst., broke out just one week later, and at this time took the form of incendiarism. The Filipinos started fires in the Santa Cruz, San Nicolas, and Tondo quarters, respectively east, southwest, and north of the principal business district, which is called Binondo. From these points the flames spread so rapidly that the destruction of all Manila north of the Pasig River seemed inevitable. American soldiers and foreign residents, while engaged in fighting the flames, were attacked by native sharp-shooters concealed in the houses. Some of the American troops in outlying encampments were summoned, strong guards were stationed throughout the town, and the excited populace was forcibly restrained. Several of the Americans were wounded by the shooting in the streets.

The first of the incendiary fires broke out at eight o'clock in the Santa Cruz district, and, with the assistance of the English Volunteer Fire Brigade, soldiers and firemen succeeded in getting this under control by midnight. In the Tondo district, however, our men were received with a fusillade of rifle and revolver shots. The "defenders of the Philippines" had to be shot or expelled before their houses could be saved. Here, accordingly, the fire spread all night long. To check the advance of the flames in San Nicolas several buildings were blown up. The burned area extended over a square mile; the loss, according to General Otis's estimate, was about half a million dollars.

Thursday, February 23.—The incendiaries, driven out from Manila, gathered in small bands between the city and the American lines. Early in the morning the Filipinos on the north made a demonstration off General MacArthur's front, near Caloocan, and were repulsed, the monitor *Monadnock* joining in the engagement and hurling ten-inch shells to points indicated by the Signal Corps. On the southeast our lines were attacked at noon, and the artillery at San Pedro Macati drove back the enemy in confusion.

Many arrests were made in the Tondo district, a company of sixty conspirators and two car-loads of arms and accoutrements being found in one house. Business in the city was practically suspended; the American women were taken on board the transport *St. Paul* for safety; there was an exodus of the Chinese inhabitants; rumors of further incendiary attempts were circulated among the natives.

Our losses in the city and at the front were not precisely known when this paragraph was written.

MARRION WILCOX.

Skee-running in Oregon

FROM the fact that Portland, the principal city of Oregon, is situated in the rain belt of the Pacific slope, the Oregonian has been given the nickname of web-foot, and it is not generally known that fifty or sixty miles back from the coast the country is so dry as to require irrigation for crops, and depends on the winter snowfall in the mountains for the year's supply of water. On the eastern slope of the Cascade Range and over the Blue Mountains the snow has this winter fallen like a deep white mantle.

In the gold region of the latter range the snow will average five or six feet in depth.

There are few broken roads, and the inhabitants, when they wish to renew their supply of bacon and flour at the stores in the little mining-camps, put on their skees and skim over the drifts regardless of roads or beaten trails. All over the Oregon mountains and in the Siskiyou country near Mount Shasta, in California, I found that many people — women, men, and children — were adepts in the use of the skee, which is as necessary a foot-gear as a pair of arctics.

A clever device used in walking on skees is a round wooden block, like a little wheel, slipped over the lower end of the balance-pole, to prevent the pole from sinking down when thrust into the soft snow. The ordinary snow-shoe is but little used in the mountains, the skee being considered a more convenient form for a hilly country.

W. A. ROGERS.

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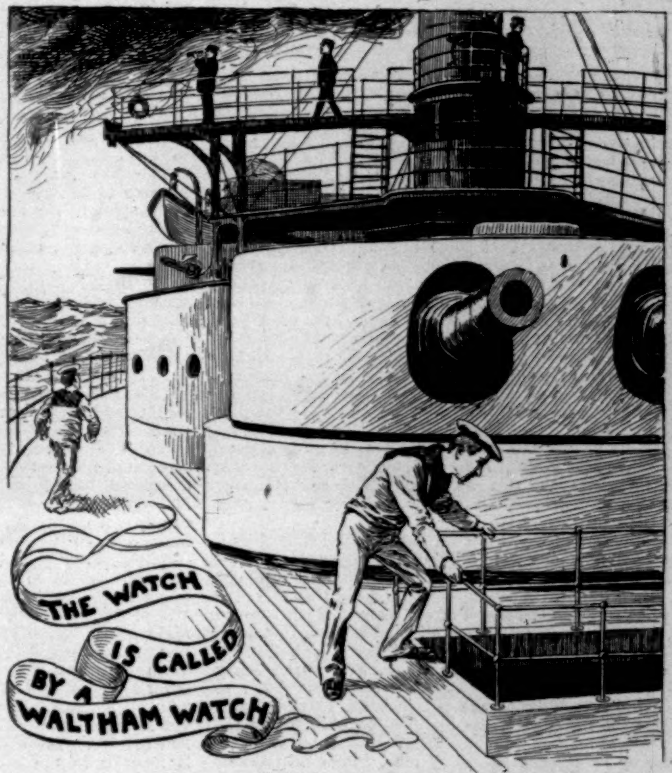

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Filipino Characteristics

A gentleman who went from New York to Manila about thirty years ago, and spent nearly twenty years in business there, has written down for the WEEKLY, in the article following, such of his impressions of the Philippines and Filipinos as have seemed to him likely to help us to understand them better and to deal with them more intelligently.—EDITOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

January 11, 1899.

AS to the Philippines, I am glad to relieve my feelings, which each day's reports from there harrow up. I have a genuine affection for them, as I earned there the wherewithal to buy myself the comforts of life; also, they gave me a great deal of the fun and frolic. As this latter was to be found by living the life of the country, I sought and found it among all classes, from the Spaniard, through all degrees of mixed blood, to the native Malay. Many years of this, combined with a natural tendency toward observing my fellow-man, black or white, should entitle me to a knowledge of the Filipinos beyond that of most foreigners, whose life touched merely the externals. To judge a people, still more to be able to govern them successfully, it seems to me necessary to know them psychologically, and this can scarcely be done "from the deck of a man-of-war," as Dewey said, nor, may I add, from the tent of the conqueror.

Looking back toward the old days in the Philippines, I should say that they were fairly well civilized in the best of the islands, which are those most adapted to agriculture, and certainly as capable of governing themselves as the Cubans. When I speak of old days, I mean twenty-five to thirty years ago, when all the elements that went to make up a pleasant life existed there. First, there were the Spaniards and their wives, who mixed fairly well with the wealthy creole and mestizo families, who really did the bulk of the entertaining, keeping open house, until the time of the Spanish Republic, when the old grade of employees practically disappeared, to be replaced by an inferior stamp of men, whose boorishness compelled a drawing in of the social horns of plenty. Though this condition was partially remedied, society never regained its old status.

It may be said that the population of the islands is pure Malay, known as the "Indio," who is the laborer, excepting certain gangs of Chinese coolies, too few in number to affect the above definition. The Indio is fairly industrious, peaceable, brave, but treacherous; easily governed by great firmness combined with absolute justice, but quick to see the weak points of the master. Such government as we Americans give ourselves at home would seem to him little if any better than the Spanish, and, like all Asiatics, he is a master in the art of corruption.

I travelled through most of the islands, and always found the Indio hospitable and polite. I am writing entirely with reference to the northern islands, including the Visayas, which had been under Spanish dominion for ages, had adopted the Roman Catholic religion in its most intense form, and whose customs had absorbed many elements of the Latin dominion. I do not refer in any way to the Moslem Malays of the southern islands—Sulu, etc.—whose commerce was insignificant, who were practically in an attitude of constant defiance of the Spaniards, and whose proas would, in the southwest monsoon, make their descents upon small villages, until the small gunboats built for the purpose by the Spaniards put an end to it.

The Negritos and Igorrotes were never sufficient in number to be reckoned with, especially as they confined themselves to the very mountainous regions of Luzon. Some became Romanized and civilized; for instance, I had a coachman of this race, who was an excellent servant.

The Indio is physically a well-shaped, strong little chap, with his full share of personal vanity; and it was noticeable that if in his punishment the master lost his temper, the joke was on him; whereas if he placed the Indio in a ridiculous light, his fellow-servants made it hard for him. The Indio is sentimental without too much sentiment, practical, and a consummate, stolid-faced liar—which might tend to prove that he would make a good politician. His love of gambling makes him willing to take speculative risks in business, and brings me now to the class next above the Indio—the mestizo, which can be translated mixed blood—any cross of Malay-Spanish, Malay-Chinese, or Malay-English (of which an occasional example cropped up), and intercrosses of the same. The Malay-Chinese unquestionably produced the best results—quick mentally, and honest commercially, in both respects fully up to the European standard—yet not so brave as the Indio, and with all of his treachery. The "mestizo-Chino" became the contractor and the great middle-man in the products of the islands, and through him these passed to the foreign export merchants. With him may be classed the "mestizo-Español" and other mestizos, as well as the "hijos del pais," or creoles, who, with less business capacity, and therefore honesty, yet represent the brains of the islands, and are of excellent quality. The Chinese blood injects an activity that is missing in the other mixtures and in the creoles, though I think the minds of these creoles equally as good, many creoles joining the professions, including that of Romanism.

Bear in mind that the "mestizos" have the wealth of the country, and are in sympathetic touch with the Indio, yet are thoroughly Spanish in their point of view, moral and political, lacking the Spaniard's physical bravery, yet quicker-minded—these are the natural leaders, who seek for themselves both honor and profit in political independence. Possibly—even probably—they might be harder taskmasters for their own people than foreigners; but these latter in old days were not so hard on their servants as the mestizos, nor these as the Indios; and yet servants would rather serve, and at lower wages, those above in scale.

Think of one of our political appointees, thousands of miles from home, in the hands of these clever corruptionists! The mental picture is neither difficult nor pleasant to make.

Back in the old days, when no Spanish soldier—the troops being natives officered by Spaniards—was in the islands, and harmony reigned, life was very pleasant in the large towns, where love-making and dancing were the chief amusements, any pretext serving as an excuse for the latter, while neither pretext nor excuse was needed for the former.

Charming dancers they were, the "hijas del pais" and "mestizos"—the Spanish women not so good, but better-looking, with graceful manners, and untiring, so that many an early morning mass was attended as the dance ended, and then a cold bath as a bracer for the day's work. Let me here make a note that the Spanish women, though not such good dancers, were better partners in that for which no pretext was needed. May their beauty and charm never grow less! Nor should mention be omitted of the good music to be found; not only in Manila and the chief towns, but often in some small far-inland town, as one enjoyed a post-prandial cigar with some principal man, or generally, in the case of white men, with the padre, would a very fair orchestra strike up some of the latest European music. The technical ability to play some musical instrument is common among the natives, but the initiative is absent. There is a mechanical softness, owing perhaps to the national preference for the minor or melancholy, in their native airs, yet an entire absence of sentiment.

And the padres, friars of different orders, good fellows, most of them, and financially honest men—in fact, to be trusted absolutely in money matters—who formed practically the only garrison Spain had for years in those islands—have they become the terrible men depicted by "Filipino" reports? It is probably true that as time went on they became more grasping, and, as is usual in the acquirement of worldly goods, the more they got, the more they wanted, and frequently in the old days they came into competition with the richer natives, so that bad feeling resulted. Then some of the orders sent out lusty young peasants, who from the strict discipline of the convent were transported to some small town to be the head thereof, not only spiritually, but practically, and from this resulted that which redounded neither morally to their benefit nor spiritually to that of the Church.

I am glad to be able to look back to the friendship of more than one good priest and some good fellows.

The old life has disappeared, never to reappear, if the logic of events is true, and I am sorry for it. It remains for me only to give you a short opinion of the Philippines in the situation they find themselves to-day.

They are not worth keeping, and will never repay us for the blood and treasure we shall expend upon them.

They will tend to injure us morally.

They may involve us, and probably will, in political troubles.

If we intend to govern them it must be with the iron hand and keen mind, for the truth is not in them; neither do they understand any concession except as weakness.

It is not a white man's country, and never will be.

The natives make splendid troops if well officered, and every effort should be made to utilize them and to guard against their treachery.

G. A.

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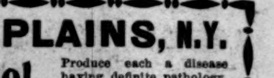

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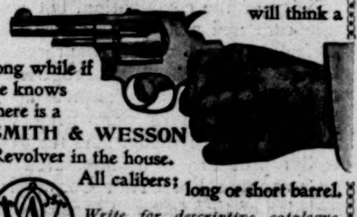

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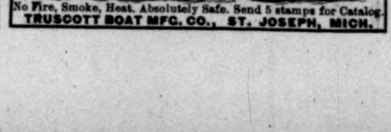

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AMATEUR SPORT

BIGOTRY every now and again riots through certain sections of the country, and provincial newspapers with prejudiced editors break out in articles of more or less ignorant criticism of athletics. There was a time when the general public shared this ignorance, but nowadays the athletic question, in one or another of its various phases, holds the intelligent attention of every household that reckons itself abreast of the times or whose members have not too long entered upon life's autumn.

Yet it is extraordinary what false impressions a biassed observer can honestly form. Not all who inveigh against athletics are honest in their convictions. Most of them do so to provide sensational reading, and some to gratify personal grievance. And all are strangely indifferent to the teaching of every-day lessons.

PERHAPS the following excerpt from an editorial on "Athletes and Scholars," in the Buffalo *Courier*, will best illustrate what very ignorant deductions a prejudiced writer may draw:

> It is a matter of common observation that the heroes among the students are the men of brawn and not of brain, a tendency wholly at variance with the mission of an educational institution. If a college is not to stand for a love of learning, why should we have colleges? Athletic clubs may as well take the place of the universities, if the principal reason for their existence is to be the development of foot-ball and baseball players and of champion oarsmen.

That an intelligent, thinking man could seriously utter such rubbish is utterly incomprehensible. Some of this same brand of man must have been in the Quartermaster's Department during our advance on Santiago.

Of course the heroes among the undergraduates are the "men of brawn." Was it ever otherwise since the world began? Games, athletic endeavor of any kind, have always created more instant enthusiasm among spectators than success, in college or out of it, where the mental faculties alone are concerned. Vigor, health, bravery, appeal to us as no mental attainment can.

No amount of culture nor of refinement nor of intellectual force can atone for lack of those virile virtues essential to the perpetuation and the well-being of mankind.

SPORT, the greatest developer of these virile virtues, has always stirred men to utmost enthusiasm, and it always will.

That, however, is not to say full honor is denied the scholar, only his successes create less immediate enthusiasm, which is not at all a question of excessive athletics, but one of human nature. Scholarly success appeals to us mentally; athletic success touches the sensuous side of our nature.

Because the undergraduate body on the field cheers its eleven or nine and does not fall on the neck of the scholar wherever he is found on the campus, men like this *Courier* editorial-writer proclaim that the "sound mind does not seek companionship of the sound body." This is the kind of detractor who sees for every honest joy on the playground a corresponding sorrow in the class-room; who proclaims that neglect of mind follows upon development of muscles; who pretends to see decadence of scholarship in the enthusiasm for sport.

There is nothing to say in reply to this kind of slanderer; either he is ignorant or vicious, and not worth discussing on either count. His class is moribund. Meanwhile the scholarly standard is being raised at all the colleges; average undergraduate standing was never so high, and sport thrives more wholesomely year after year.

HIGH-CLASS play distinguished the racquet tournament for the American championship in singles, decided week before last in the New York Racquet Club courts. Such a series of first-class matches has not, indeed, before been seen in this country. Of the eleven contests all were well and closely played, save one, and among the twelve entries were the very best men of the United States and Canada.

It was an object-lesson in the improvement of American form, concerning which some pertinent remarks were made the other week. Last year Rolland, the Canadian champion, won also the American honor by beating Shaw; this year Rolland's form is no better than that shown by several Americans whom he excelled in '98, while Shaw has so strengthened his game as to raise it a full class higher than it was a year ago.

SHAW this year, in fact, is in a class by himself. He disposed of the '98 and '99 champions of the New York Racquet Club with considerable to spare, and had he met Rolland, would unquestionably have defeated him with utmost ease. Playing as he did in the New York court, I have no doubt Shaw could give Rolland half a hand and beat him in straight sets. And there are four, if not five, other Americans who this year are playing a much stronger game than the Canadian champion showed either in '98 or this year. So much for the improvement of American form.

How Shaw in his present form would fare against de Garmendia at his best is an interesting question. Tooker, another Bostonian, once caught de Garmendia off his form and beat him. Shaw, in my judgment, is a stronger player than Tooker, and has some of the characteristics of de Garmendia's superb service, but he has not yet reached the standard of all-round play set by that greatest of American players, although there is likelihood of his doing so.

When he does, he will be a master indeed.

Dinsmore played, for the most part, brilliant racquets in his match with Shaw. He won the first game after Shaw had him 12–5, giving further evidence of his qualities as a match-player, and was at all times strong and steady. For seven innings in the second game there was little to choose between them—and then Shaw forged ahead, and won out by successive aces on service. So also in the third game—they were about even at the close of the fourth inning, when Shaw went in and quickly served the aces required to give him the game.

Again in the fourth and last game the score stood 2 all on the fourth inning, when Shaw, going in to serve, made a run of 8, seven of which were aces on superb service. Dinsmore hung pluckily to his opponent, but even on this the tournament's opening day it was apparent to the knowing spectators that neither Dinsmore's game nor that of any other entry was good enough to beat the Bostonian. Shaw's superiority is strikingly manifest in service, and his play around the court clever and deliberate. He is very strong in his returns, and appears always to have his game well in hand.

Aces by service—Shaw, 34; Dinsmore, 28. By placing—Shaw, 19; Dinsmore, 13. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 6; Dinsmore, 3. Total aces scored—Shaw, 59; Dinsmore, 44. Time of match—46 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

The Hoyt-Meredith match was too one-sided to be interesting, the American outclassing his opponent, who in the three games could make but eleven aces. The Canadian is too stiff on both forehand and backhand. Hoyt's service was very effective and of good length.

Aces by service—Hoyt, 39; Meredith, 6. By placing—Hoyt, 3; Meredith, 3. By opponent's miss—Hoyt, 3; Meredith, 2. Total aces scored—Hoyt, 45; Meredith, 11. Time of match—27 minutes. Referee—F. F. Rolland. Marker—Standing.

MACKAY'S defeat of Rolland, the Canadian and '98 American champion, was not of itself so surprising as the ease with which it was accomplished. Some explanation may be found in Rolland's lame leg, but though a considerable handicap, it cannot account for the difference in their relative play. The Canadian is certainly a first-class all-round performer. He has a fine-cut service, a very clean forehand stroke, and is withal a good getter. But Mackay won clearly on the merit of his work. He really outplayed and especially outgeneralled his opponent, his strongest point being perfect backhand placing.

There were many brilliant rallies, despite the disparity in final scores, but Mackay held a commanding lead at all times.

Aces by service—Mackay, 22; Rolland, 11. By placing—Mackay, 19; Rolland, 7. By opponent's miss—Mackay, 4; Rolland, 5. Total aces scored—Mackay, 45; Rolland, 23. Time of match—35 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

Campbell's performance against McTier was commendable viewed in any light, and becomes notable when we consider the difference in time the two have been playing the game. Neither showed such form as had been revealed in the match immediately preceding—Mackay-Rolland—but both gave evidence of a skill which when rounded out will make them most formidable to the best. Campbell especially is a very promising man, but who needs a deal of hard practice if he would reach the very top.

The impulse to volley appears to be irresistible, whereas he should of course take the ball from the back wall on every possible occasion. He really lacks the racquet stroke, relying on his lawn-tennis stroke, which is of very little use in the racquet court against a strong player, such as McTier unquestionably is. None the less he made a good fight, winning out the third game after McTier had him 10–0. The Canadian had things his own way in the fourth game, however, and took the fifth and deciding one very easily.

Aces by service—McTier, 39; Campbell, 31. By placing—McTier, 11; Campbell, 8. By opponent's miss—McTier, 12; Campbell, 11. Total aces scored—McTier, 62; Campbell, 50. Time of match—1 hour 10 minutes. Referee—M. S. Paton. Marker—Standing.

BARRING the first game, which was hotly contested and most interesting, Paton had about as easy a time with Miller as Hoyt had with Meredith. Neither Canadian was up to the company in which he found himself, although Miller was much the better of the two visitors, showing a good service and an excellent backhand stroke. Paton played his usual steady game, with its clever half-volleys and strong service.

Aces by service—Paton, 27; Miller, 10. Total aces by placing—Paton, 16; Miller, 9. Total aces by opponent's miss—Paton, 5; Miller, 4. Total aces scored—Paton, 48; Miller, 23. Time of match—25 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

HUNNEWELL defeated Gilmour in three straight games, but the match was more stubbornly contested than the score indicates. Credit is due the Canadian for the persistency with which he stuck to his work, and for the occasions on which he really outplayed his opponent. He is, in fact, a good all-round man. But the Bostonian was not to be denied. He is younger, more agile, and his half-volleys were exceedingly well executed. He won on his merit.

Aces by service—Hunnewell, 23; Gilmour, 12. Total aces by placing—Hunnewell, 12; Gilmour, 6. Aces by opponent's miss—Hunnewell, 10; Gilmour, 2. Total aces scored—Hunnewell, 45; Gilmour, 20. Time of match—28 minutes. Referee—J. S. Hoyt. Marker—Standing.

HOYT'S work against Shaw was perhaps the best he has shown this winter, and seems to indicate that he is not invariably unable to equal his top form in match play. He certainly never encountered a game more likely to discourage one than Shaw's.

The first game was beautifully contested, the lead alternating, until Hoyt ran out with 3 aces—one on service, and another on a great place just over the telltale. But in the following two games Shaw completely outplayed his opponent on service, placing, and in general work around the court. Hoyt led off with 6–0 in the first hand of the fourth game, and was still two points to the good at the ending of the fourth inning. But Shaw took on one of his more brilliant streaks at the beginning of the fifth inning, and ran out the game and match without Hoyt again scoring.

Aces by service—Shaw, 30; Hoyt, 27. By placing—Shaw, 23; Hoyt, 4. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 6; Hoyt, 9. Total aces scored—Shaw, 59; Hoyt, 40. Time of match—50 minutes. Referee—F. F. Rolland. Marker—Standing.

QUINCY A. SHAW, JR.

M. S. PATON.

H. H. HUNNEWELL.

C. H. MACKAY.

After his defeat of Rolland, no surprise was occasioned by Mackay's victory over McTier, though the latter did not quite equal expectations. The second game of the three was fought out to the very end, McTier missing some very easy chances that would have given it him, and Mackay finally getting the game by a fine stroke just over the telltale. The other games were rather easily taken by the American, whose pace was altogether too much for the Canadian.

Aces by service—Mackay, 29; McTier, 12. By placing—Mackay, 15; McTier, 8. By opponent's miss—Mackay, 3; McTier, 4. Total aces scored—Mackay, 47; McTier, 24. Time of match—40 minutes. Referee—M. S. Paton. Marker—Standing.

INTERESTING indeed was the Shaw-Paton match, which contained more rallies than any other of the tournament. Shaw won in straight sets, but Paton kept him guessing three-quarters of the time. The other quarter belonged entirely to the Bostonian, who showed magnificent racquets with his backhand volleys and straight placings. There is no man playing to-day who goes through his balls with more finish than Shaw. The first and third games were especially well fought out; and though Paton's experience and steadiness and generalship made the struggle close, Shaw's brilliancy and youth, added to steadiness and generalship, made but one result possible.

Aces by service—Shaw, 21; Paton, 24. By placing—Shaw, 17; Paton, 9. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 10; Paton, 4. Total aces scored—Shaw, 48; Paton, 37. Time of match—45 minutes. Referee—F. E. Meredith. Marker—Standing.

BEST match of the week was that of Hunnewell-Mackay, each man reaching the limit of his capabilities, and both playing magnificent racquets. Mackay's game was really the more diversified, and, in streaks, revealed quite the more skill. In placing around the court, for example, he was more at home and much more expert than his opponent. In backhand placing, too, Mackay was the cleverer. In generalship and in service they were about equal.

In straight up and down the court play Hunnewell has not a superior in this country, and perhaps no equal save Shaw. It seemed practically impossible a ball could come straight off the front wall and he not get it. Some of his returns were nothing short of extraordinary. And Mackay proved his knowledge of the game and his prowess by the frequency and the skill with which he placed balls onto the side wall in the very corner of the court. Any other kind of play against Hunnewell would have been futile. Mackay had some very hard luck on his returns, a number of finely gathered ones striking the telltale. As it was, the struggle remained close up to the last game, and developed very interesting play. Hunnewell displayed particularly good judgment, and his forehand half-volleys were beautifully timed and placed. Physically he is a stronger man, and he stood the fast pace a bit better. He was thoroughly fit. A match between these two would always be close, and I am by no means convinced that the Bostonian is the better man.

Aces by service—Hunnewell, 28; Mackay, 21; By placing—Hunnewell, 24; Mackay, 26. By opponent's miss—Hunnewell, 10; Mackay, 11. Total aces scored—Hunnewell, 62; Mackay, 58. Time of match—1 hour 15 minutes. Referee—M. S. Paton. Marker—Standing.

DOUBT as to result was never for an instant a factor in the final match for the championship between Shaw and Hunnewell. Shaw has frequently, in their home court, given Hunnewell four aces and a beating, and he could repeat the performance in New York. Environment makes no impression on Shaw's playing, and what he can do in Boston in the way of racquets he could duplicate in Chicago or London or wherever else he happened to find himself in a court. He is a performer of deliberation and utmost nerve, tireless and indomitable.

Hunnewell is accustomed to Shaw's left-hand play, and therefore had somewhat of an advantage over those others who had met the Bostonian earlier in the tournament and for the first few games been naturally a bit disturbed by it. But this familiarity counted for naught in the sum total of his work. He won the toss and began serving, only to be immediately put out by a hot return. Shaw then went in and made a brilliant run of 8 aces by good all-round play, but Hunnewell held him to low scoring for the rest of the twelve hands that it took to finish the game.

The second was an intensely interesting game, brilliant rallies marking the course of play, and the scoring being very close until, at the beginning of the twelfth hand, they stood 12–11 in Shaw's favor; two points on beautiful work around the court, and one more on an unplayable serve, gave Shaw the game.

Shaw led from the start in the third game, and, though there was hotly contested play throughout, the end was inevitable. Hunnewell's play at times showed some anxiety, but on the whole he put up a plucky game.

Aces by service—Shaw, 26; Hunnewell, 14. By placing—Shaw, 15; Hunnewell, 7. By opponent's miss—Shaw, 4; Hunnewell, 7. Total aces scored—Shaw, 45; Hunnewell, 28. Time of play—28 minutes. Referee—C. L. Perkins. Marker—Standing.

NATIONAL SINGLES RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP, PLAYED IN NEW YORK RACQUET CLUB, FEBRUARY 13–18, 1899.

W. R. Miller, Montreal.	Bye.	Paton, 18–16, 15–3, 15–4.	Shaw, 15–13, 15–7, 18–17.	Shaw, 15–8, 15–11, 15–9.
M. S. Paton, New York.	Bye.			
Q. A. Shaw, Jr., Boston,	Shaw, 14–17, 15–10, 15–11, 15–6.	Shaw, 14–17, 15–7, 15–6, 15–10.		
W. B. Dinsmore, Jr., New York.				
J. S. Hoyt, New York,	Hoyt, 15–2, 15–6, 15–3.			
F. E. Meredith, Montreal.				
A. D. McTier, Montreal,	McTier, 15–11, 7–15, 10–15, 15–6, 15–3.	Mackay, 15–5, 17–16, 15–3.	Hunnewell, 9–15, 15–11, 8–15, 15–12, 15–5.	
O. S. Campbell, New York,				
F. Rolland, Montreal.	Mackay, 15–7, 15–6, 15–10.			
C. H. Mackay, New York.				
H. H. Hunnewell, Boston.	Bye.	Hunnewell, 15–11, 15–5, 15–4.		
D. Gilmour, Montreal.	Bye.			

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S analysis of the athletic year is always entertaining, and usually accurate and far-reaching in its deductions. But, like the majority of faculty members, he is prone to overlook plain remedies at hand in the effort of delivering some sonorous and elaborate solution of what, in truth, may be a very simple little problem indeed.

The "evils of excessive training" appear to have disturbed the Harvard President, and, according to his recently published report, sent him far afield in his search of a remedy. The President has entirely passed over one of the most flagrant evils of excessive training which has been under his very nose for years—preliminary practice—*i. e.*, practice in vacation for contests held in term time. Let the President dig this evil athletic root out of the Cambridge garden, as he may easily do, and he will find excessive training not so much of a disturbing factor in collegiate sport.

ABANDONMENT of practice games with professional baseball nines by Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania is excellent, but abandonment of professional baseball coaches would be infinitely better. No especial harm is done a college nine by occasional play with a professional team, but great injury is being done collegiate baseball constantly by the continuous employment of professional coaches. College baseball within the last three years seems taking on more and more of the unfair trickiness of the professional game.

Blocking men off basses, running in front of a baserunner, giving him the elbow—all these have become too much a part of the college game. For this we may thank the professional instructor. With the professional coach retained in office, I fail to see anything proportionately commendable in forbidding games with professionals.

EFFORT is being made in the South to induce Virginia and North Carolina universities to abandon their paths of athletic iniquity and join the Southern Inter-collegiate Association. At the moment there is no especial prospect of immediate success. All leading colleges in the South are agreed upon the advisability of ignoring Virginia and North Carolina when the time comes to making up schedules, and I expect to see some results in this line, despite the difficulty of getting games and the distances to be travelled in fulfilling engagements.

The main obstacle in the way of bringing Virginia and North Carolina into line is the indifference of the Northern colleges to the missionary labors of the Southern Association. So long as Northern colleges play Virginia and North Carolina and offer no objection to the personnel of their teams, so long will they pursue the unwholesome athletic way they have followed hitherto.

Princeton, Pennsylvania, Annapolis, Yale, Cornell, Lafayette, Lehigh, and others meet both Virginia and North Carolina almost every year. If these Northern colleges would decline to schedule games with the two Southern colleges under discussion until they reformed their methods and cleaned their teams, there would soon be a change of heart at Virginia and North Carolina. At present they thrive in their athletic unwholesomeness, and are not sufficiently discerning to see that it is but a superficial and short-lived prosperity.

YELLOW-FEVER necessitated a short supplementary football season in the South, in which Tulane, Louisiana State, and Mississippi universities were the participants. None of these institutions opened until November, and did not begin playing until well on in December. Tulane and Mississippi teams were weak, but Louisiana put forth a fairly strong eleven.

I learn that Alabama Polytechnic Institute played three instead of two games as recently stated, the third being a victory over the heavy team of the Georgia School of Technology. Alabama's success appears to have been especially commendable, since their season opened with but one old player returned. The candidates were all green and light, but they improved rapidly, and played with great enthusiasm. They averaged 15 pounds lighter than the Georgia Techs, and 20 pounds lighter than Univ. of Ga., both of whom they beat—29–4 and 18–17.

The best feature of Alabama's season was the unquestioned status of the men and their hard clean play. The wholesome spirit manifested greatly pleased the faculty, and has done more to answer adverse criticism and to put the game on a permanent basis in that section of the South than has been accomplished in any previous season.

To this gratifying end the positive stand for purity in sport of some of Alabama's professors, the commendable work of the captain, Metcham, and the supervision of the Southern Association, all contributed.

HOCKEY is closing its season with some of the cleverest play yet seen this side of the Canadian line, and the team of the Brooklyn Skating Club appears entitled to first honors, although the amateur status of two of its men has been challenged by the New York Athletic Club.

The final games of the League have developed no diligence to duty on the part of referees, and consequently no cessation of rough play was apparent in the work of the Brooklyn, New York A. C., and Hockey Club teams. As to the protest—if, as asserted, the N. Y. A. C. has had all winter the evidence claimed against Brooklyn, and only produces it now upon being beaten, then the N. Y. A. C. team has quite evinced the professional spirit with which it charges its rivals. If hockey is not ruined in this section by the foul play and bickerings of these clubs, it will not be for want of reason.

And lack of home-bred players is one of the chief causes of disturbance. The N.Y.A.C. has several Canadians on its team, but Brooklyn's team is almost wholly composed of them. This is not to utter any reflection on Canadian players *per se*, but rather to criticise the methods by which the services of some are engaged, and the absence of proper encouragement to native material. The colleges are doing something along the healthful lines, and sportsmen look to them to nourish wholesomely a game that is really one of the very best of winter.

BECAUSE of that very reason, sportsmen view with deep regret the touring license recently granted by the Yale faculty to the Yale hockey team, which permitted a visit to Pittsburg and absence from New Haven for five consecutive days.

College Presidents and faculties ostentatiously deplore "excessive athletics" with one breath, and with the very next endorse preliminary football practice, or issue permits to touring elevens, nines, or hockey teams.

And the hypocrisy of it!

Harvard forbids its Glee Club touring, but permits its football-players to be gathered and trained and gratuitously boarded a couple of weeks before term opens!

There are no two features of college sport that reach farther and exert a more detrimental influence than touring and preliminary practice.

BROOKLYN'S hockey record is an excellent one in point of games won, though rough and foul play detracts from its sportsmanly qualities. It has defeated the Hockey Club, 7–0; N. Y. A. C., 3–2; St. Nicholas, 6–1; Montclair, 5–1; taken one game each from Yale and Pennsylvania, and not lost a game.

The Hockey Club appears entitled to second honors. It was tied by N. Y. A. C. early in the season, and recently beaten by Brooklyn; but, on the other side, it shows a recent 5–0 victory over N. Y. A. C., and the defeat of every other team it has met. N. Y. A. C., the League champions in '98, has beaten St. Nicholas and Montclair, and lost to Brooklyn and the Hockey Club.

St. Nicholas has not equalled the other teams in point of skilful development, nor in the matter of foul play. I have no doubt its fairer play cost it goals—such has been the character of referees. But the club caused quite an agreeable surprise by taking a game from Montclair (2–1), its only win of the season, so far.

It needed but the meeting of Columbia and Brown to complete the Inter-collegiate season and settle upon third place, and Brown's victory was anticipated. Columbia showed some improvement since the Yale game, but its form was ragged, and the individuals of the team rather indifferent skaters. Brown did not play so high class a game as against Yale or Harvard, and won somewhat easily, 2 goals to 0.

BILLIARDS, as a game suitable to amateur control under existing conditions, may not be seriously considered after the recent disclosures of betting at the "amateur" tournament held at the Knickerbocker A. C., under the Amateur Athletic Union's auspices.

The letter of the present rules of the A. A. U. forbids an amateur in any sport backing himself or playing a match for a money wager.

> Any person who issues, or allows to be issued in his behalf, any challenge to compete against a professional, or for money, shall thereby forfeit his amateur standing.

The contestants in the recent so-called "amateur" billiard tournament wagered generously, openly, and nightly, and the scene around and in the vicinity of the tables was like unto the betting-ring of a race-track.

Disqualification immediate and final is the only action the A. A. U. officials can take with regard to these "amateur" billiardists and retain the respect of sportsmen, or indeed follow out the plain dictates of their own rules.

GRADUATE coaching in football and baseball is just now agitating the Missouri Valley section of the West. At first glance there seems little likelihood that the paid coach can be dispensed with, and very likely he cannot be for a year or two. But the time is immaterial. The important fact is the colleges are beginning to realize that only by the establishment of such a system can a school of football instruction be founded and consistent play assured.

Year after year Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri State universities have ignored coaching material at home, and sought far and wide for an instructor of reputation. That it was perfectly natural I do not deny, and that in the early years of endeavor it was quite necessary is perfectly true. But for three years past much of value could have been accomplished towards building up a coaching system with home talent, and nothing has been done.

Therefore the news that Kansas is seriously setting to work to do something in that direction is doubly gratifying—first, because it shows extreme dissatisfaction with the conditions of '98; and second, because Kansas is indefatigable, and what she sets out to do is usually accomplished, sooner or later.

There is also apparent a strong feeling to restrict games to college grounds, which is a rather awkward blow at professionalism, but of itself an excellent idea. It would deprive Kansas City of its annual game, but it would not lessen undergraduate and alumni attendance if some college field midway between the contesting teams were chosen; and certainly such a step would materially benefit college sport in the Missouri Valley. Contact with their old players will do all the colleges good in that section; perhaps it may inspire a new and more sportsmanly spirit. Moreover, the paid coach is simply bankrupting the smaller colleges. A beginning in encouraging graduate coaching is only necessary. It will go slowly at first, but soon take firm hold.

On this subject and upon the revision and enforcement of athletic rules there should be united action. A closer and more comprehensive association of the Missouri Valley colleges would work great good for the college sport of that section.

Why not an annual meeting of the Missouri Valley college faculties? Will not one of them issue the invitation?

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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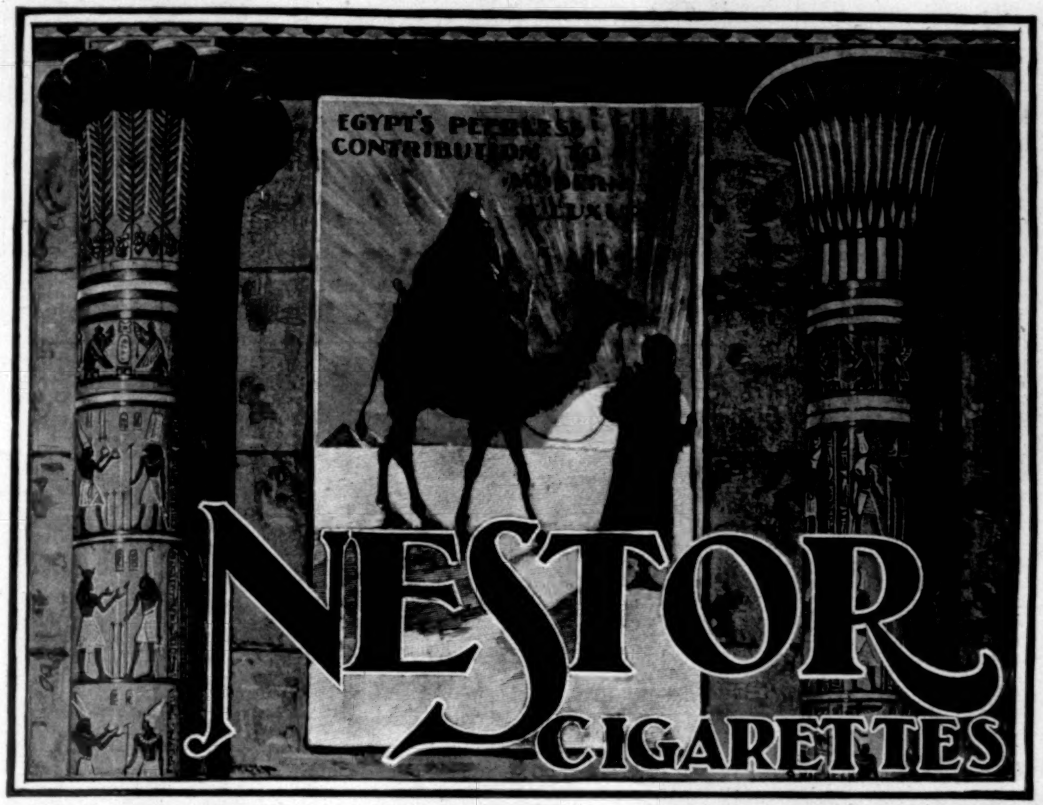
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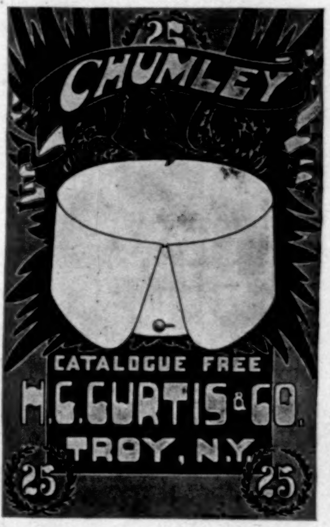
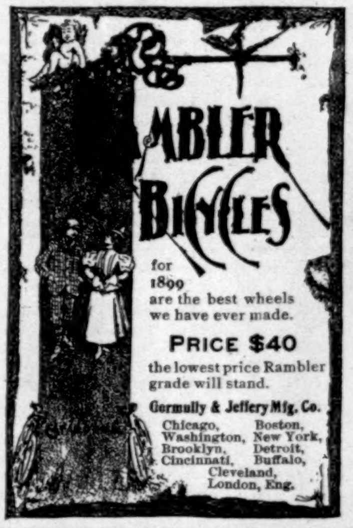
If you don't find "Lucke's Rolls" equal in richness and delicacy of flavor and aroma (not size) to any 2 for 25c. cigar now on the American market—if not *glad* to get them—we will return your dollar in full—no discussion or delay about it. Internal Revenue laws prohibit our sending you a sample. But we want you to try them; so send us $1.00 and we will forward box of 100 (mild, medium, or strong) on the above understanding. We pay delivery cost. In case of refund, we will pay return cost also.

WAS EVER A FAIRER PROPOSITION MADE YOU?

J. H. LUCKE & CO. No. 14 LUCKE BLOCK, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
Most extensive manufacturers in the world of fine special smokes.





for 1899 are the best wheels we have ever made.

PRICE $40

the lowest price Rambler grade will stand.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.
Chicago, Boston,
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London, Eng.

Imperial Wheels

—the go-lightly kind, invite critical comparison with any bicycle ever built. Send for descriptive catalogue.

Ames & Frost Company, Chicago.

THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps.) Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate, - - - -	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, -	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security, -	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums - -	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - -	1,462,300.00
Total Assets, - -	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, -	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, - - - -	400,000.00
Total Liabilities, - -	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders, - -	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force, - -	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

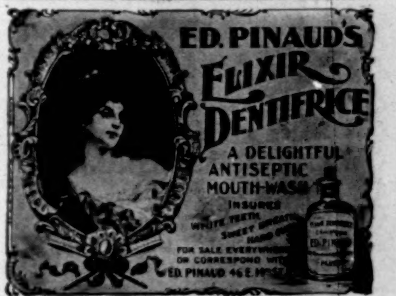
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, NO. 59 WALL STREET.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ELIXIR DENTIFRICE
A DELIGHTFUL ANTISEPTIC MOUTH-WASH
INSURES WHITE TEETH SWEET BREATH HARD GUMS
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE OR CORRESPOND WITH ED. PINAUD 46 E. 14th ST.

$5 to $30 3000 BICYCLES

Everyone a Bargain.
NEW AND SECOND HAND.

2d Hand—good as any for service, $5 to $12. **New '99 Models $12.50 to $30.** None higher. We guarantee to save you money. Largest variety to select from. Lowest prices ever quoted. Every customer satisfied. Shipped subject to examination and approval. No money in advance. A few good AGENTS WANTED. For price list and particulars address the old reliable cycle house,

BROWN-LEWIS CO., (DL) 293 Wabash Av., Chicago.

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NOTICE NAME THUS
Stewart Hartshorn
ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat often results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. For relief in Throat troubles use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple yet effective remedy. Sold only in boxes.

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GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Combine comfort and durability. Over two million pairs sold annually. For sale everywhere; or sample pair sent, postpaid, on receipt of fifty cents.

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